

CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS
AND CIVIC PRIDE

NEWTON MARSHALL HALL

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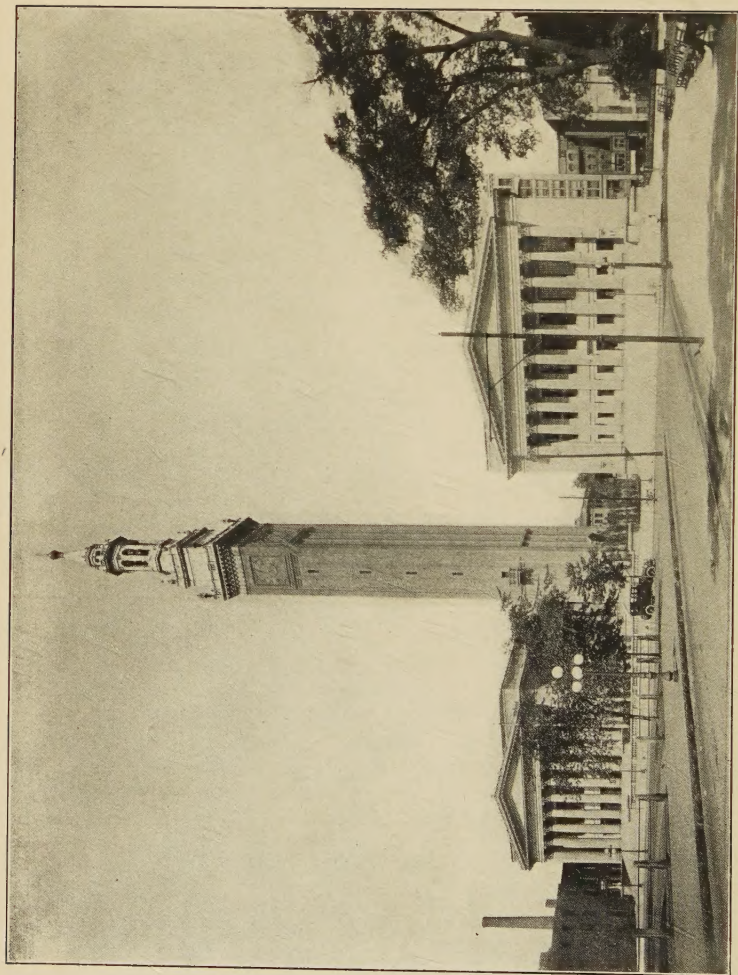
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CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS AND CIVIC PRIDE

BY

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TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED WIFE

LOUISE

WHOSE LIFE IS THE INSPIRATION OF MY LIFE

"This is the same voice: can thy soul know change?
Hail then, and hearken from the realms of help!
. . . That still, despite the distance and the dark,
What was, again may be: some interchange
Of grace, some splendor once thy very thought,
Some benediction anciently thy smile."

PREFACE

The problems which are the most vital and most interesting to the great mass of our people are civic problems. National questions are more remote and unreal. Life centers in the city; its governmental functions concern the family, the individual, our own flesh and blood, directly. The education of children, the righteous administration of the business of the community, communal rights, the preservation of law and order, the housing of the population, the care of the poor, the suppression of vice, the treatment of the alien, the inter-relation of men and women, all these matters and many others come home to us with directness and force. These questions are absorbing the attention of very many thoughtful men and women; they are the concern of such great organizations as the National Municipal League and the National Economic League. Much literature is in existence upon the technical and administrative aspects of these problems; very little has been written upon the moral side.

Yet these questions are all at bottom, moral questions. They cannot be settled by schemes

PREFACE

and projects, however well thought out, nor by model city charters, nor by the referendum, nor by any other similar device alone. The final factor is the human factor, the redeemed man in the redeemed city, and no solution is possible which does not take into consideration the teaching of the Master of Men. The sermons contained in this volume were prepared with this belief profoundly in view. They aim to discuss civic questions from the old prophetic standpoint modified by the vision of Jesus as it must be worked out in terms of every day living. At the time they were delivered they were widely quoted by the daily press. And they are now printed upon the insistence on the part of many friends that they will be helpful to others than those to whom they were immediately addressed.

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I

CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS AND CIVIC PRIDE ¹

"A citizen of no mean city."—Acts 21:39.

In a book which pulses with human interest from cover to cover there is no more intensely dramatic scene than that in which Paul defied the mob in Jerusalem. He is borne by the tide of shouting humanity up the steps of the castle, protected by the soldiers of the imperial guard. There he is questioned by the captain, who asks him if he is not a certain Egyptian outlaw who has been causing trouble in the country districts. Then stands up Paul in his pride and flashes back his royal reply, "I am a man which am a Jew of Tarsus, a city of Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city." Yes, he was a Jew, with all the exclusive racial instincts of the Israelite, with an inborn hatred and distrust of all things foreign, a Jew with a peculiar religious mission, and yet there flames out this

¹ Preached on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the City of Springfield.

spirit of civic pride, this glory in the distinctively Roman city of his birth. Why was he proud of it? One reason was because the ancient city of Tarsus was proud of itself. It was a Roman metropolis with all the distinctions and privileges which the name implied. It was beautifully situated. The broad River Cyndus, breaking through a cleft in the Taurus Mountains, fell in a white cascade to the plain, and flowed clear and cold from its mountain snows through the city. At evening the people used to gather in their roof gardens on the housetops to watch the setting sun as it turned the snowy summits of the mountain chain into rose and filled the valley with golden mist. But beauty of situation was not the only source of civic pride. Tarsus was a rich and influential centre of trade, and it maintained its importance by the most lavish municipal expenditure, — by what we moderns call enterprise and push.

When Paul as a boy wandered down to the wharves to see the sights, and to listen to the sounds of the sailors and the ships, and to breathe that indefinable atmosphere of the sea which is so fascinating to a growing lad, he could not fail to admire those great stone basins and quays which made Tarsus a seaport in spite of the treacherous, shifting sands of the rapid river. The Roman was a great builder and his engineering stood. There was no

shoddy about it. A traveller in northern Africa told me that he found Roman baths still intact, the blocks of stone so cunningly fitted together that they required no cement. We have yet to equal the engineering of the old Roman aqueducts which spanned the valleys with graceful arches and brought an unlimited supply of pure water from the hills for the use of the humblest citizen, playing everywhere in beautiful public fountains, so that in Rome you could not go out of the sound of running water. In the science of road building we are far behind the Roman, whose military highways, stretching to the boundaries of the empire, were the railroads of ancient times. In municipal art and architecture we are only just beginning to abandon the grotesque and hideous, and to imitate, but only in stone and brick, that glorious beauty which the ancient city revealed in marble. All this strength and beauty and genuineness of construction, this power which, however arbitrary it might be, at least wrought with magnificent energy for the good of the people, must have deeply impressed Paul, who loved strength and hated a sham.

All the sights and sounds which make up the life of a proud city had their effect upon the growing boy. The great bazars with their rich display of goods; the caravans, coming perhaps from India, laden with spices and bales of curi-

ously woven cloths; the religious processions filling the streets with sudden splendor; the march of a Roman legion; and above all that indescribable something which makes a city-bred man love the very streets and houses and noises of the city,—all this was in Paul's mind when he said, "I am a citizen of no mean city."

There is a divine providence in the inevitable drift of humanity cityward. It is a cheap sophistry which says that "God made the country and man made the city." God implanted the instinct which leads men to gather in social groups, as the instinct of the bird leads it to follow the journeying sun. As humanity is constituted, the city is inevitable. The germ of Jerusalem was in the wandering tent of Abraham. The Pilgrim Fathers carried the charters of all the cities of the American continent in the cabin of the "Mayflower." Until you can blot out social desires and communal instincts, the gathering of humanity in cities is as inevitable as the recurrence of day and night.

There is a fascination about the city for many minds which cannot be explained upon sociological grounds. That feeling was perhaps never better expressed than in these words of Charles Lamb:

"I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and as intense local attach-

ments as any of your mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and of Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, wagons, playhouses, . . . the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the jewel shops, the old book stalls, coffeehouses, the steam of soup from kitchens, the pantomimes (London itself a pantomime and a masquerade), all these things work themselves into my mind without the power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life."

The lover of green fields and running brooks may not appreciate this feeling; the colors of the picture may seem rather dingy and dubious, but the fascination of London has existed not only for Lamb, but for Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Dickens, and Thackeray, and a host of England's choicest spirits.

We are told by political economists that men are governed wholly by utilitarian motives. But men stay in the city to their own obvious disadvantage. The offer of higher wages, better food, cleaner dwellings, has no effect upon a certain class of city-dwellers. They love the excitement and companionship of the city better than wide landscapes devoid of houses and men, or charming country roads with birds carolling in the trees, but no electric cars and

loaded drays and fire-engines. They cannot see how anyone can desire to live in a house without the social opportunities of a fire-escape, and the nearest chance of gossip a mile and a half away. Perhaps the time may come when some economic Moses will lead a new exodus from the Egypt of the great cities, but for the present we must face the stubborn fact that the attraction of the city is irresistible to great masses of humanity.

There is, indeed, another side to the question. There are influences entirely rational and legitimate which lead men to the cities and keep them there. While the country has unquestionably bred and nourished great men, the city has furnished the field for the exhibition of their talents. The bells of Bow have called, "Turn back, turn back," to more than one Dick Whittington, who has become "thrice Lord Mayor of London." Daniel Webster was nothing but a green country barrister as long as he remained among his native New Hampshire hills. It was necessary for him to become acclimated as a citizen of Boston before he could enter upon a career of national greatness.

The desire for superior advantages,—educational, social, religious, commercial,—for all the privileges and opportunities which the larger communities afford, furnishes a strong and perfectly valid incentive to men to seek the

city. All these influences, combined with modern methods of manufacture and distribution, have resulted in the unprecedented drift to the cities. Country districts are being depopulated. The smaller communities are being decimated. The marching columns of humanity are converging upon the city. It inevitably follows that the interest in the great drama of human life is also centered in the city. It means that the great battles for human freedom are to be fought out in the city. What has been true of Paris for centuries will be increasingly true of all our American cities: the problem of the nation will be the problem of the city. What is true of the greatest cities is also true of other and smaller communities. The centrifugal social force which is at work will result in the formation not of suns only, but of planetary systems as well. There are many nuclei of attraction, and there will be, during the next half century, hundreds of communities, ranging from Greater New York to cities of ten thousand inhabitants, which will be constantly growing at the expense of other communities. They are all of the same general type; they are all under the compulsion of the same stupendous forces; they are moving toward a common destiny. The great fact which cannot be ignored is the fact of the centralization of human life in limited areas. Humanity, rich and poor,

will continue to hive and swarm in the city. Here is the problem, and we must face it. It is a problem which cannot be eliminated; it must be solved. One aspect is dark, and sinister, and menacing. It may be questioned whether human nature reaches any lower depths of depravity in the city than in the country, but wickedness breeds faster by contact, and appalling possibilities are open through the multiplication of the human factor. An isolated criminal is bad enough, but a city tenement house may become a nursery of crime, a hotbed of pestilence, a festering plague-spot of social corruption. The city contains enough explosive material of human passions to wreck the whole social fabric. The tiger is chained to-day. Men are at work. Prosperity is in the air. But let the conditions change. Let loose those demons of hunger and hate; let the balance tip ever so slightly toward discord and anarchy, and the city will become a storm-center which may threaten destruction and disintegration to the whole nation. How are we to counteract the evil tendencies and develop those glorious possibilities which just as surely exist in the life of the city?

First, by arousing the communal spirit and civic pride, by enlarging the vision, and raising the ideals of every citizen, by opening the eyes of men to the opportunities and privileges of

citizenship. If you cannot make men go to the country, then you must bring the beauty and significance of the country into the city, so that the child of the slums may have a vision of green grass and blossoming flowers near its tenement; so that the weary laborer may sometimes catch the song of birds above the roar of the city streets and refresh his eye by the sight of the waving branches of trees. Open your squares in the city streets! Tear down your dingy walls! Let in the light and air! In the name of the God of sunshine and flowers, give to the people who must toil the beauty for which their souls crave, not at remote distances, but next to the factory and the street. If our American cities are to be more than storehouses for merchandise, more than mere herding places for humanity, they must cultivate civic beauty and civic pride. Self-respect, pride in ideal achievement, is the source of all progress. In order to redeem a man morally, you must first arouse his pride; you must make him sensible that he has a manhood worth saving. The greatness of ancient Athens was based, not upon commercial prosperity, but upon a civic pride which sacrificed wealth, which was content to live in humble, perishable dwellings, in order that glorious piles of marble and radiant statues might symbolize the eternal worth of beauty. The City of the Seven Hills ruled the

world because it made civic pride the basis of imperial power, because the humblest legionary fighting beneath the eagles of Cæsar on the banks of the Rhine or in the far Eastern deserts felt the power of the great city at his back. Venice, Star of the Sea, was for generations the centre of culture and trade because civic pride stimulated ambition and kept her inviolate and free. The development of civic pride means a development of the consciousness of unity, the sense of the mutual interdependence of every citizen, and a consequent development of the principles of democracy. We hear less of the idea that every man's house is a castle in which he may intrench himself from the world and enjoy his individual accumulations, and more of the idea that the city, made resplendent and beautiful by the giving of the many, is every man's kingdom.

Communal rights are not merely utilitarian. The city must do more than provide pure air and well-paved streets; it must assist men to create a new and a purer social atmosphere; it must open the intellectual highways over which the humblest and poorest of its children may walk to freedom if they will. If there is a practical necessity which compels men to surrender individual for civic rights in the line of public improvements, then there is a moral necessity which will sooner or later compel men to sur-

render personal and selfish enjoyment for the intellectual and ethical welfare of the community.

Today if a man should say, "I do not use your public improvements and I will not pay for them," we should reply, "You must pay for them whether you want them or not, for they are for the good of the community of which you are an integral part." We say this today; tomorrow we shall say, "You must help to pay for everything which will enrich and beautify and enlarge the life of the individual, so that no child born within the limits of this proud city of ours shall lack anything of the highest possible training or anything of the highest possible satisfaction of the nobler instincts of the nature." The power to make that demand and enforce it is one of the greatest triumphs of Christianity. It is not so necessary that you and I should have a comfortable sense of our own piety. Christ need not have died for that; but to force men to understand the personal obligation of every man to contribute to the enlightenment and freedom and ethical well-being of the whole community, that is a triumph worth the anguish of Calvary.

When we realize how strong a force is selfishness in the world, we wonder how the broader victory for humanity has been won. I believe that the joybells of Heaven rang when the first

free school and the first free library were established. Across the front of the public library in Boston are inscribed these words, "To the people of Boston, from the people of Boston." Marvelous the significance of those words — the self-consciousness of a city asserting itself in visible form; the enunciation of a principle of giving which does not impoverish, of a self-sacrifice which is a self-sustainment and a self-enrichment. And under those words might well have been carved that other declaration out of which they grew, "I am come that they might have life, and have it more abundantly."

There is one more element which is necessary to the highest development of the city. Beneath civic pride must be civic righteousness. You may make a city as beautiful as you please, — make every street a park, crown it with public palaces of art and literature and music, — unless righteousness, and sobriety, and the fear of God, and faith in a future, are characteristic of its people, it may become a Circean sty of filth and corruption, and it will be consumed by the fires of its own wickedness. In the days of the Renaissance, Florence witnessed the most glorious revival of art and architecture which the world had seen since the golden age of Greece. But those marvelous creations inspired by the sublime genius of Michael Angelo,

Ghiberti, Giotto, Donatello, Brunelleschi, could not save Florence,—that Florence which banished Dante and burned Savonarola, upon which Michael Angelo turned his back in shame and grief. “And Florence died, too,” says a writer; “for weary centuries lying motionless, with the ‘Twilight’ and the ‘Dawn’ and the ‘Night’ and the ‘Day’ watching by her ashes in melancholy splendor.” A city’s greatness, her continued prosperity and influence, rests upon her faithfulness to the high ideals of righteousness and honor. To live happily a people must live nobly; to live nobly a people must live righteously.

There is great danger today that the growth of civic opportunities shall outstrip the spread of civic righteousness. The mighty problem before us is to lift men up to an appreciation of the privileges of American citizenship, to enfranchise the spirit, to develop in new generations the characteristics of the fathers. I recently heard a prominent political leader plead earnestly for the holding of office by citizens of American blood. That does not solve the difficulty. You would not have good government, necessarily, if every mayor’s chair in the country should be occupied by a descendant of the Puritans. What we must do is to take the children of alien birth and foreign tongue, and educate them in our public schools, and inspire

them with lofty ideals, and impress them with the principles of private morality and public virtue until they shall be as fit to govern as the native-born American of bluest blood and longest lineage. We can have no oligarchy of education and culture in this country. We must all rise or fall together. The Springfield of the future is to be not your Springfield nor my Springfield alone, but the Springfield of the child of Italy and France and Poland as well, and its character will depend upon the faithfulness with which the obligation to every citizen is met, upon the measure of civic pride and civic righteousness which is attained by all.

“A citizen of no mean city!” We can all feel the pride of Paul today in our Springfield. Radiant and beautiful she sits in her ancient seat by her lordly river flowing to the sea. She treasures sacred memories of loyal hearts and heroic service. The blood of her valiant sons has consecrated the battlefields of the nation. Peace and prosperity are within her gates. Industry, intelligence, and civic pride characterize her citizens. Upon her escutcheon there is no blot of shame in all her long history. She stands for education, for breadth of vision, for freedom of thought, for the faith of the fathers, for the constitutional principles of liberty, equality, fraternity. God bless her as she en-

ters today upon a new era of prosperity and influence!

“ A blessing through the ages thus
Shield all thy roofs and towers;
God with the fathers, so with us,
Thou darling town of ours! ”

II

AMERICA: THE MELTING POT ¹

And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills: and all nations shall flow unto it.— Isaiah 2:2.

The greatest of the prophets dreamed of the age of universal brotherhood, when the barriers between people and people should be broken down, and the nations should fuse and flow together, drawn to Jerusalem by a spiritual gravitation as strong as that mighty call in obedience to which the rivers flow from the mountains to the seas. So far as Jerusalem, the holy city of Israel, is concerned the prophecy will never be fulfilled, but it is being fulfilled in America today, as the peoples of every nation are flowing together in a mighty stream, beneath the portals of the promised land. There was a time when I felt pessimistic and hopeless about the problem of immigration. I feel so no longer. I do not deny that there are very grave aspects of this problem, that there are

¹ Printed in "Immigration," December, 1912.

serious questions which confront our American cities in relation to the foreign population, but I believe that these problems may all be solved if we have patriotism enough and faith enough. I believe this, because I believe that there has been from the first, a divine providence in the migration of the peoples of the earth to America. The same God-given impulse which sent Abraham out of his own city to found a new people, the same impulse which sent the Pilgrim Fathers over the western ocean to lay the foundations of this Republic, has sent the representatives of all the old races to become integral parts of the brotherhood of humanity which we are creating slowly and painfully, not without sacrifice and tears, in our America. I would not dare to believe otherwise than this. I do not believe that history is merely a blind fumbling with the keys of fate. I believe that God is visibly in it. This is a part of that eternal purpose which has run through all the ages. God intended this land which we call ours to be the great school of opportunity for the races. In Milton's splendid phrase it is "the mansion house of liberty," spacious enough, free enough, strong enough for the working out of all God's problems for the human race. Someone may say, "this is only a sentimental fancy, drawn from a false interpretation of an outgrown scripture. The facts are that causes purely

economical and social send the immigrant to America. He comes to better himself. He comes to seek higher wages. He is ignorant, coarse and dirty. He breeds in the slums. He is a source of contagion, moral and physical. He is a peril in the industrial situation. He is an anarchist and a free-thinker, a menace to our free institutions. He should have been kept out of our country. He is here, but what we are to do with him ultimately seems a hopeless problem."

In reply to such a pessimistic attitude I should say that it is true that the immigrant does come to better himself economically and socially, but God can and does use economic and social forces for the furtherance of his own plans. He can even make the wrath of man to praise him, and out of the horror of war, he accomplishes the long purposes of peace. The immigrant may come to America primarily to earn his bread at a better wage, but in the hearts of thousands there is also a spiritual motive. There is a hunger and thirst for liberty, there is the desire for an opportunity not only to earn bread, but to obtain education, enlightenment, the chance to develop the soul as well as the body. We have been altogether wrong in our idea of the class of immigrants which the Old World has been sending us. These men and women are not as a rule degen-

erate, any more than the Pilgrim Fathers were degenerate. The immigrant is never of degenerate stock; for it requires initiative and thrift and courage and faith to hear and to obey the call. God sifts the nations today as he sifted them of old to provide the seed for the planting of the original colonies. Neither are the races from which these people come degenerate. When we stop to think for a moment it requires more than American self-assurance to call Italy and Poland and those Slavic principalities whose feats at arms are amazing the world today, degenerate. We are receiving the descendants of men and women whose deathless deeds have shaped the history of the world, who have left us an imperishable heritage of literature and art and music. Who are we, and what have we done that we should sneer at those who come to us from the land of Homer and Socrates, from the country of Dante and Virgil, and Cæsar and Michael Angelo? and from that suffering, sorrowful race without a country, a race which has given to the world the poetry of David and the prophecies of Isaiah, in whose mould was cast the features of him we call the Savior of the world. I think that we are beginning to see the folly of our pride and prejudice against the men and women who are coming to our shores, not seeking bread alone, but laden also with the unfulfilled dreams and

visions of the centuries. The better spirit of America is speaking in lines like these from one of our younger poets:

“Countrymen, bend and invoke
 Mercy for us blasphemers,
For that we spat on the marvellous folk,
 Nations of darers and dreamers,
Scions of singers and seers,
Our peers and more than our peers;
Rabble and refuse we name them
And scum of the earth to shame them.
Mercy for us of the few, young years,
 Of the culture so callow and crude,
 Of the hands so grasping and rude,
The lips so ready with sneers
At the sons of our ancient more than peers.
Mercy for us who dare despise
Men in whose loins our Homer lies,
Mothers of men who shall bring to us
The glory of Titian, the grandeur of Huss;
Children in whose frail arms shall rest
Prophets and singers and saints of the West.”

I want to ask you if it is not more than probable that the seed of the stock which produced in ancient times the glory and beauty and wonder of the world shall bloom again under the favoring conditions of a free land? It has been rendered unproductive, not infertile, by ages of oppression and ignorance and neglect. Shall it not flower again under our fostering

care, beneath the open skies of America? You and I, native born Americans must consider these things. We must have regard not for present conditions which are most deceptive, but for potentialities of power and service on the part of the immigrant in America. Let me quote at this point from that wonderful book, by that wonderful immigrant Mary Antin, who is herself the embodiment of all that is hopeful in this great problem. In speaking of the hardships of her father's life during the past years in America, she says:

"His history for the period is the history of thousands who come to America like him, with pockets empty, hands untrained to the use of tools, minds cramped by centuries of repression in foreign lands. Dozens of these men pass under your eyes every day, my American friend, too absorbed in their honest affairs to notice the looks of suspicion which you cast at them, the repugnance with which you shrink at their touch. You see them shuffle from door to door with a basket of tools or buttons, or bending over the sizzling iron in a basement tailor shop, or moving a pushcart from curb to curb, at the command of the burly policeman. The Jew peddler, you say, and dismiss him from your premises and from your thoughts, never dreaming that the sordid drama of his days may have a moral which concerns you. What if the creature with the untidy beard carries in his bosom his citizen papers? What if the cross-legged tailor is support-

ing a boy in college who is one day going to mend your state constitutions for you? What if the rag-picker's daughters are hastening over the ocean to teach your children in the public schools? Think every time you pass the greasy alien in the street that he was born thousands of years before the oldest native American; and he may have something to communicate to you when you have learned a common language. Remember that in his very physiognomy is a cipher, the key it behooves you to search for most diligently."

This is a challenge which we of America cannot ignore. The alien is here. What are you going to do about it? Are you going to hate him, fear him, neglect him, mock him, shun him? Or are you going to realize that he is a human being like yourself, with a history as proud as your own, with dreams and ideals in his breast, with a deep unsatisfied longing for education and opportunity, thirsty for the wells at which you have been privileged to drink deep? Are you going not simply to make a citizen of him, but are you going to try to make a useful and an intelligent citizen? Are you going to draw upon his hidden and undeveloped resources of power? Are you going to develop his peculiar and individual characteristics in harmony with the spirit of free institutions, in accordance with the genius of America? This is soul-stuff in the

rough which God has sent us, just as good clay, so far as quality goes, as our own. We are to take it and mould it in accordance with the traditions of freedom and virtue and obedience and reverence and service which have been handed down to us from our fathers. How shall we do it? I have no doubt that every thoughtful person asks that question of himself over and over. The gulf seems so wide to span, these people seem so far apart in our daily lives. No matter how good our intentions may be, there seems to be no possible method of influence and contact. Fortunately for us, providentially I believe, there are certain instruments of democracy which work automatically, without the necessity of personal initiative. The one great instrumentality which assimilates and Americanizes the foreign element is the public school. The immigrant who looks to the promised land from the bondage of oppression, idealizes America. In many respects his dream is destined to a rude awakening. He finds that he must still struggle for his daily bread in the fierce competition of our American cities. He finds that he must live in squalid surroundings. He receives scant courtesy and sympathy in his daily contact with life, but the public school never disappoints him. It stands for the opportunity for his children which he has missed. It treats every nationality alike,

without fear and without favor: without money and without price it dispenses to the poorest that which is more precious than rubies. Let me quote again from Mary Antin:

“ The public school has done its best for us foreigners and for the country when it has made us into good Americans. I am glad that it is mine to tell you how the miracle was wrought in one case. You should be glad to hear of it, you free-born Americans, for it is the story of the growth of your country: of the flocking of your brothers and sisters from the far ends of the earth to the flag you love, of the recruiting of your armies of workers, thinkers and leaders. As I read in school how the patriots planned the Revolution, and the women gave their sons in battle, it dawned on me gradually what was meant by my country. The people all desiring noble things, and striving for them together, defying their oppressors, giving their lives for each other — all this it was that made my country. It was not a thing that I understood: I could not go home and tell my sister about it as I told her the other things I learned in school. But I knew one who could say ‘ my country ’ and feel it, as one felt ‘ God ’ or myself. My teacher, my schoolmates, George Washington himself could not mean more than I when they said my country after I had once felt it. For the country was for all the citizens and I was a citizen. And when we stood up to sing ‘ America ’ I shouted the words with all my might. I was very earnest proclaiming to the

world my love for my new found country. 'I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills.' "

Not all the children of immigrants can express their feelings so eloquently as this, but in all the miracle is wrought. It is a miracle. Without even consciously striving for it the public school manages along with the teaching of the ordinary branches of knowledge, to perform a wonder greater than was ever claimed for the touchstone of the alchemist. It takes all these different nationalities gathered from the ends of the earth, and it makes them citizens, it gives them the consciousness of citizenship, it makes them glow with a patriotism which is often more intense than that of the native born. The former president of Harvard University has made the complaint, that the public school does not do this work fast enough. On the contrary, it does it with surprising, miraculous speed. And this is the most important part of the service which it renders the state. I have often told public school teachers of my own church who are teaching the children of foreigners largely, that there is no work in the world short of that of the foreign missionary so important and significant for human welfare as theirs. I would emphasize that statement publicly. We want teachers who are well trained technically for their scholastic du-

ties, but above and beyond that we want teachers with character, men and women who passionately love their country, for to them is entrusted the sacred duty of moulding the citizenship of the republic, to them must be left very largely the task of taking these diverse elements of life, and welding them into a cohesive, homogeneous people imbued with high ideals of knowledge, of righteousness, of patriotism.

Not far short of the public school, supplementing and coöperating in the work and influence is the free public library. I never see the statue of the grim old Puritan, as he stands near our public library, with his book beneath his arm, looking down upon the groups of foreign children with their books beneath their arms, without a thrill of enthusiasm and hopefulness. For the Book, whether it be the Hebrew Scriptures or some other divinely inspired source of knowledge and faith, is the symbol of the unshackled mind, of enlightenment and freedom.

I realize that I have said very little about the personal or the religious approach in relation to the immigrant problem. Such approach requires great wisdom and tact and patience. There are many opportunities which may be sought out for expression of personal sympathy and courtesy, and fellowship with those of other races. These opportunities

come unsought as we mingle together in the cosmopolitan life of the city. I believe that it is possible to supplement the service of our schools and libraries with evening meetings for social and educational purposes in our school houses. The saddest thing after all, about the situation is the hopelessness of the adult foreigner whose children will reach the goal, but who has come to America too late to receive the benefits of education, the fulfillment of his ideals and dreams. For him the country ought to devise some extensions of educational and social opportunities in connection with the school system. The opportunity of the church will come more slowly, but it will surely come. It will come in the same direction, along lines of personal interest and sympathy and friendship for our alien brethren.

But the most important thing it seems to me is this. After all, these people must work out their own destinies. We cannot be too paternal in our care. That is what they have come to our country to avoid. What they want above all things else is liberty of personal initiative, opportunity in its broadest and freest aspect. In the school and in the library we are giving them what they most desire. These institutions express our consciousness in spiritual terms. There is no taint here of commercialism, of self-interest. The city says

to the immigrant: "You seek work, bread, perhaps a fortune in America; well, that is a matter which you must work out for yourself. You seek also opportunity, you seek for room in which your souls may grow, you seek the fulfillment of your dreams and visions and ideals, and we open to you freely without discrimination, without price, the shining portals of knowledge. The generous hand of the city bestows this largess upon you all. Enter into your inheritance." And we of the older America must stand back of this ideal. We must show by the character of our city itself how inestimably we prize our heritage. Our dream is of one country, a common, united people, strong in the determination to live nobly, to realize our ideals, to build here the new Jerusalem, the shining city of God.

"New comers all, from the Eastern seas,
Help us incarnate dreams like these;
Forget and forgive that we did you wrong,
Help us to father a nation, strong
In the comradeship of our equal birth,
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth."

III

CIVIC RESPONSIBILITY ¹

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in heaven.—Matthew 5:14-16.

The conquest and development of a new continent requires the putting forth of those splendid individualistic qualities of heroism and self-assertion which are incarnated in the pioneer. The pioneer must act wholly upon his own initiative. He must be able to go out into the wilderness with his axe and his rifle and recreate civilization. He must possess courage, industry, patience, skill. He must have the genius of the inventor, he must be his own physician and priest, he must be undaunted by failure, the grim spectres of suffering, of hunger and cold must not terrify him. Within his breast there must be a dynamic force which pushes him on as the engines of the ocean liner force her against tide and current across the sea.

¹ Preached at Mount Holyoke College on Washington's Birthday.

So great have been the tasks accomplished by the pioneer in the building and preserving of the nation that his qualities have become embodied in the creed of American life. The American child is taught that he must have push, initiative, enterprise. He must "get there," in the vernacular of the street. By what route is immaterial so long as he "arrives" with a fortune. He must reach the top of the ladder no matter what becomes of those whom he pushes aside in his upward ascent. He is taught from the beginning, to cultivate and worship the Ego. No matter how many fail he must win. Within limitations these qualities are admirable. The child should be taught to cultivate concentration, persistence, ambition. He should be taught to have faith in himself and high courage, to be undaunted by failure, to laugh at hardship and disaster. But there are certain very grave dangers to the republic which have already resulted and will continue to result from the over emphasis of these admirable characteristics.

The time comes when the nation passes beyond the pioneer stage. The roaring city with its myriad-spindled mills, its tides of traffic, its palaces and its hovels, rises on the river bank where the cabin stood lonely in the clearing. The descendant of the man who saw his neighbor only once in six months is pushed and jos-

tled in the hurrying throng. The pioneer was a law unto himself. The citizen of the great city is only one to be considered among one hundred thousand. Each of the one hundred thousand has his own desires, his own needs, he is seeking his own ends, and each is entitled to equal consideration under the great law of democracy.

The partial failure of our civic life, and that carries with it the failure of democracy, has come largely from the fact that we have carried over the self-assertive, individualistic qualities of the pioneer into the complex life of our American communities. Each individual has been bent, with restless energy upon the development of his own life and his own fortune, careless of the fact that he owed any duty or responsibility whatever to the community in which he lived. So far as any real helpfulness or coöperation is concerned many of our most successful business men might have been living in cabins in the wilderness or in old baronial castles of feudal days.

We are beginning to realize that this is not good citizenship. A person is not a good citizen today because he possesses the sterling virtues of the pioneer, because he hustles from morning until night, because he is shrewder, or stronger or more unscrupulous than his competitor. In the wilderness the strong arm, the

keen eye and the finger quick upon the trigger, were the distinguishing marks of the successful man, the desirable citizen. You cannot carry over these qualities into the modern community; or if you do, you will have a civilization which is brutal, coarse, corrupt, with anarchy and revolution looming through the red haze ahead. Social life constantly tends to become more complex. Labor is placed more and more upon the coöperative basis. There must be a buyer as well as a seller and the rights of each must be protected. The trained hand takes the place of the strong arm. Instead of the subjugation of the wilderness, the arts must be cultivated. Instead of the straining team and the straight furrow across the virgin prairie, there must be the development of literature and music and painting and architecture. The city is a vast organ with a thousand thousand pipes: it is a breathing body with a net work of interlacing sensitive nerves. Not with rough hand, not with brutal, elemental passions comes the master who will evoke harmony. The true citizen of the modern city is he who forgets himself, in the larger life about him, who is sensitive to the city's myriad moods and endless wants, its passions and its pain, to its marvellously complicated life which goes on beneath the stars at night and its pall of smoke by day. The good citizen is he who loves the

city with a passionate devotion, whose heart thrills with a sense of civic pride and a deepening sense of civic responsibility.

Responsibility! That is the master word of the new citizenship. Here is this marvelously complex life which modern conditions have called into being. It is a living organism. It has a soul. Infinite possibilities of joy and sorrow, service and shame are hidden within its future. We have not yet begun to measure these forces or hardly to understand them. It may be that in the shadow lurks tragedy darker than ever Paris saw when her barricades ran red with the blood of revolution. Who shall direct these forces, who shall be responsible for the city? Who, if not her citizens, both men and women, and her educated citizens? Her men and women of training and resourcefulness and power! This sounds like a trite commonplace. But is it? As a matter of fact such men and women have attended to everything but the communal life. They have been busy with their own affairs, their own homes, their own business and professions and pleasures. There has been very little direct training for citizenship in our colleges. The individualistic standard of excellence has been constantly held up. Students have been urged to perfect themselves in scholarship, in culture, not that the communal life might be enriched, not that serv-

ice might be rendered to the community, but that the individual life might be richer in knowledge and resourcefulness, and success attained in the chosen calling.

These students have gone forth with no true sense of social responsibility. In the striking words of Jesus, they have not "let their light shine before men." But for what is the city? What is its true end and aim? Is it not, in the providence of God, the place where life shall be better and sweeter and richer and more abundant than elsewhere? Its functions of government, its schools and its libraries, its closely associated life, are not for selfish and utilitarian ends alone, but to lift men out of ignorance and darkness and bondage to the light of the high privilege of the sons of God. And I say that the humblest school teacher, working with alien children amid the squalid surroundings of the tenement district of a great city, working not simply for her daily bread, but with a holy enthusiasm for her calling, is deserving of a higher place upon the city's roll of fame than the millionaire who draws everything in and gives nothing out.

The city will not develop its own higher life. It will not conduct its own affairs, any more than a great mercantile business will conduct itself. Such affairs demand the expenditure of energy and time, and the sacrifice of personal

inclination. If our best citizens have not sufficient patriotism to attend to these matters themselves, if they turn them over to the ignorant, the corrupt, the alien, they must expect, themselves, to suffer. We must realize that more and more the forces of ignorance and vice are massing in the city. The good citizen, the educated citizen will have to fight, if he expects to conquer these forces. He must bring all the trained resources at his command to bear upon the situation. He cannot buy good government in the market. He cannot contract for civic righteousness. These and other blessings can come only as we give our own illuminated individualities that the light of truth and honor may shine, and the city may find its redeemed life. There is no other way. This is the sacrifice of self which the city demands. Not the old proud independence and self-assertion, but the humble recognition of the fact that in the city life is bound up with life in vital relationships which cannot be denied. The pestilence which stalks through the city at noonday and beckons with ghostly hand at the door of the palace as well as the hovel: — you are responsible for it, oh men and women of wealth and leisure, of the great cities of the earth, because you have not made the slum, the breeding place of plague, impossible! It is because of your denial of the law of re-

sponsibility, because you have not considered your brother as well as yourself. You must give yourselves. Go into the ancient cities of the world and read on the monuments of bronze and marble how men have given of themselves in the years that are gone; how the giving of personality is inseparably connected with worth and progress and achievement in the city's life. London and Leyden, Calais, Geneva, Venice, Florence, Rome. You cannot think of the proud cities of the earth without thinking of prouder names, from the humble burgher, to Savonarola in his shroud of flame, who have given of themselves, whose very blood has cemented the stones which make the foundation of the city's worth.

In San Francisco, there is a little monument which the earthquake spared and the flames of the holocaust did not scorch. It is the monument erected to the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson, and there have been men in San Francisco, in the days of graft and pillage, who, ashamed with the shame of death of their city's shame, have taken courage as they have passed that memorial, and have remembered that the high ideals of literature and art, of service and sacrifice, are the enduring things, and not the selfish scramble of sordid men for gain and place.

Responsibility! not the prayer, "Make me

rich O Lord! Make me learned, make me comfortable in Zion"; but, "O Lord, what can I do for others more needy than myself! What can I do for the community in which I live!" Every one should feel toward his own city that sense of longing desire to serve which inspired Browning when he wrote:

" Nobly, nobly, Cape St. Vincent to the northwest
died away,
Sunset ran one glorious blood-red reeking into
Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning waters full in face Trafal-
gar lay:
In the dimmest northeast distance dawned Gibralt-
ar grand and gray,
Here and here did England help me,
How can I help England, say!"

That should be the attitude of every citizen. Not how much can I get out of the city, not how may I actually plunder and rob the city, but how can I help the community? How can I best give, in return for what she has given me, my loyal and loving service?

For our highest examples of what such love and loyalty and sense of responsibility mean, we must go back after all, not to the pioneer, not even to the days of Washington, but to those mediæval cities of England and the Continent whose life we often affect to despise be-

cause we know so little of it. We must go back to such scenes as attended the building of the cathedral of Chartres, where the men and women harnessed themselves to carts and drew the great blocks of stone which were built into its splendid façade and its soaring pinnacles; or to the famous church of St. Denis, of which a writer says:

“A layman was its architect, guilds of lay carpenters and masons raised its walls, guilds of lay sculptors, painters and glass makers adorned them, and the people chiefly paid the cost. Often, men, women, and children together worked with passionate enthusiasm upon the structure which was at once the temple of their faith, the sign of their city’s greatness, and the hearthstone of their liberties.”

Contrast this spirit with the indifference which the citizens of the modern city show to its adornment, to its permanent glory, yes, even to its moral and spiritual welfare. We talk sometimes of loving our cities, of patriotism and the willingness to sacrifice. But when we moderns in our comfortable homes amid our pleasant surroundings talk of sacrifice, my thoughts go back to that old chronicle which tells of the loyalty of the burgesses of Calais. You remember how, after the year’s siege, King Edward offered mercy to the starving city on condition that six of the citizens should give themselves into his hands. “On them,” said

the stark king, "I will to do my will." "Then," says the old chronicler, "stood up the wealthiest burgess of all, Master Eustache de St. Pierre, and thus he spoke: 'My Masters, great grief and mishap it were for all to leave such a people as this to die by famine or otherwise, and great charity and grace would he win from our Lord who could defend them from dying. For me, I have great hope in the Lord that if I can save this people by my death, I shall have pardon from my faults, wherefore will I be the first of the six, and of my own will put myself barefoot in my shirt and with a halter round my neck in the mercy of King Edward.' After him stood up other five, and they six saved the city, and by the intercession of the good Queen Philippa were themselves saved from the wrath of the king."

Such, in the old days, was the ideal of civic service. "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister" and to give one's very life if need be, a "ransom for many." Such, not a ministry of death, but of more abundant life may be our ministry today as we go forth to the larger service which our age demands, singing the blithe song of the English poet:

"I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem,
, In England's green and pleasant land."

I look forward to the time when the old individualistic conception of life shall pass away, when in every part of our own pleasant land shall be built the new Jerusalem, in which shall be found nothing foul or unclean, no squalor or misery, but love and righteousness and law and order, the shining city of God, the "mansion house of liberty" in which beauty and utility shall walk hand in hand, where there shall be equal opportunity and equal privilege for every child of God. So, please God, we shall build the city of the new democracy! To-day it may seem only a dream, but let us not despair.

"Such visions are of morning,
Theirs is no vague forewarning,
The dreams that nations dream come true
And shape the world anew.
And down the happy future runs a flood
Of prophesying light;
It sees an earth no longer stained with blood,
Blossom and fruit where now we see the bud
Of brotherhood and right!"

IV

THE BATTLE AGAINST EVIL

Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.—Ephesians 6:10-12.

The problem of evil has one very discouraging aspect. It is a new problem with every individual and every generation. In the material world humanity makes certain definite and positive gains. There are some battles which once fought and won, do not have to be fought over again. There are some gains which are permanent. When the world goes to sleep to-night it will not wake up tomorrow under the painful necessity of rediscovering all that it ever knew of science and art and literature. Libraries and laboratories and schools are permanent depositories of the accumulated wisdom of the world. But you cannot store up righteousness and deal it out in suitable portions to those who stand in need of it. The pi-

oneer cuts down the forest trees, lets in the light, exterminates the wild beasts, prepares the way for the coming city, and his work does not have to be repeated. The great irrigation dams built in the western country will not have to be rebuilt. The face of nature has been permanently changed. The desert wastes will soon blossom like the rose, fed by unfailing streams from the snows of the everlasting hills. When the waters of the eastern and the western seas are wedded in the Panama Canal it will be a perpetual union. The gigantic task of cutting through the isthmus will not have to be repeated in each succeeding century. But we cannot in the same way make permanent gains in righteousness. We cannot convert a city to holiness and say that work will never have to be done over again. That community will never relapse into sin. The work is done for the ages. The march of civilization drives the wolves from the clearings, but it does not drive the savage wolves of evil and lust from the hearts of men. The old primitive passions break out just as fiercely, with a heat as intense and blasting as they did at the dawn of history.

Here is a family which for generations has been the possessor of wealth and refinement. By no possibility could a member of that family suddenly revert to the ignorance of a sav-

age and display at the breakfast table the manners of a South Sea Islander. But you may read in your newspaper some morning that a member of that proud and influential family has reverted to the sins of the savage, and has displayed in some vile den the brutal passions of the South Sea Islander. Refined manner and culture may be transmitted with mahogany furniture and ancestral plate from one generation to another, but a pure heart and a clean life is something which every man and woman must acquire by personal effort, by stern conflict with the primitive foe which assails every soul. Indeed, the conditions of an advanced civilization, instead of making righteousness more simple, complicate the problem. While living grows easier along material lines it grows harder in the moral sphere. This is a matter which we do not often enough consider. We are so absorbed in the work and pleasure of our highly complicated society that we do not consider the perils which lurk in the shadow. Somehow they do not seem real to us, they do not concern us. If we are only busy about our affairs, if we are only constantly employed with some absorbing interest, we seem to think that nothing more is required of us. We walk in the sunshine of our own prosperity, our own ceaseless activity, and we evade or forget our moral responsibility.

This is a fair charge against the modern man or woman, and the nominally Christian man or woman. There is terrible danger that we shall substitute mere activity for moral consciousness, the routine of business and pleasure for character. Here is a family of the type of which I have spoken; respectable, moral, and endlessly busy from morning until night. Everything progresses according to the usual routine in a respectable family, until suddenly a hand is stretched up from that under-world which the family has politely ignored and a child is dragged down to disgrace and shame. The highly respectable family loses, for a little time at least, its self-poise. It feels the disgrace keenly, but it cannot understand why this should come to it. It has come to the members of the family because they were too busy to study the great laws of life under which we live, to consider and measure the forces of evil which are engendered in the life of a modern city, too busy to develop the powers of resistance in the child and give it by training the strength of character required for the conflict. Many business men of today forget that they were brought up in smaller communities, under conditions much more strict than those which exist at the present time. They forget the watchful care, the endless patience, the prayers, expended upon them. They fail to realize

the seductiveness of a great city, the hypnotic influences of the city streets, the effect of their own absorption and indifference upon the immature lives of their children. We are all apt to forget that there are active agencies of evil at work constantly in every community. This is what Paul meant in that remarkable sentence of his letter to the Ephesians. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." He was writing to people living under the conditions of a highly organized civilization, in a great city which very much resembled our modern cities; and he warns the church not only against the power of individual evil arising in the individual nature, but against the great organized forces of evil which grow out of the very association of men together. Humanity engenders evil. It breeds wickedness. There are great unseen forces at work constantly which are poisoning the air, undermining the social order. It is very hard for the respectable man, who is diligent in business, honest about his affairs, irreproachable in character, to understand this. He minds his own business. He wishes no one any harm, and he cannot understand why all people do not conduct themselves in the same way. He cannot believe that able, unscrupulous men are

working constantly to do evil, to exploit society, to coin the souls of men into gain.

Everywhere the great powers of darkness are at work. Everywhere evil is in action. It is reaching out to attack and destroy virtue. It is organized to do it. The result is expressed not simply in terms of individual wickedness. If such men could be fought and punished, that would be one thing. But as Paul warns, we wrestle not against flesh and blood. Evil is a deadly and pervasive force which corrupts the fountains of virtue and pollutes the springs of innocency at their source. What we need to understand is that there are forces in every community which hold righteousness and honor in contempt, men whose souls are as black as hell. The wickedness which these men do is not confined in little pools of filth and scum; it enters into the arterial life of society, by secret and subtle channels it reaches its victims even when they seem to be in security. We must recognize the fact that the modern city is not simply a place of enlightenment, of opportunity, of churches and schools. It is a place of deadly evil, of pitfalls and perils, of corruption and death. It is of no use to ignore these facts. We cannot buy immunity for our children with our money. We cannot safeguard them by education alone. There is no hope that science will discover the germ of sin and provide

against it by inoculation. There is only one way. We must fight it. Paul says, bluntly and plainly, "Put on the whole armour of God that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil."

It was good advice to the Ephesians. It is good advice today. You cannot reason with a charging tiger. Your culture and education will not save you from the fangs of a hungry wolf. You must fight! Evil is one of the old brood of chaos and might, like the plague and the tiger in the jungle, and the rattlesnake in the thicket. These things must be subdued. We do not know why they are here in the earth, but we know that man cannot live with them, they were never intended to be parlor pets. God told Adam and Eve that they were to subdue the earth. The formidable forces of nature which threaten the life of man must be fought and conquered. There can be no compromise. Sin in man's heart and its manifestations in the life of man, is one of the old dragon's brood which must be fought without compromise and destroyed. The fight is of course a personal one.

We must rid our own soul-gardens of weeds and noxious things before we embark upon any crusade for the destruction of the evils of society. We cannot win this fight against temptation and sin without divine help. "Be

strong in the Lord and in the power of his might." That is a radiant and a splendid command. Our God is a mighty God. No man ever prayed earnestly to him without receiving help. The trouble with us is that we do not half believe in prayer and we do not test it.

A political fight was going on for the possession of a great state. The key to the situation was the unshaken resolution of a Christian young man. An observer writing of the conflict said:

"They have sought to attack the opposition at the weakest point and the weakest man. They have brought tremendous pressure to bear upon him. They have taken him up into an exceeding high place and have shown him all the glories of the earth, and promised the treasures thereof if he will fall down and worship. They have approached him on the side of virtue and of vice and have failed, and I will tell you why they have failed. The emissaries of the enemy do not know what it means when men are fighting for principles. I will tell you why this young man to whom I refer has not failed in the supreme hour of test. In the secrecy of his chamber he has gone down on his knees before his Maker. Over such the corrupt politicians of today have no power."

I wonder what would be the effect if all professing Christians met their temptations daily in this manner? If, in the struggle for char-

acter, everyone sought the present help of the Lord God Almighty. If every man in business, in politics, every lawyer and doctor and teacher, should pray earnestly every day: "Lord, help me as I put my armour on. Lord, be with me as I meet men in the arena of life, as I come in contact with its perils and its temptations. Keep my life clean and pure and holy. Guard my soul from sin and my life from evil. Give me an exalted sense of my character and my opportunity. Help me to fight the demons of avarice and lust and selfishness. Make me thy knight and give my sword the victory."

That is the spirit in which we should go every one of us to our task in the battle field of the world. I do not believe in war, in the old barbarous sense. Men cannot slay evil by killing each other. But I believe in war in the moral sense with all my heart. It will be a sad day for the world when we grow so effeminate that the spirit of opposition to wrong dies out of our hearts, when the readiness to sacrifice which led men to offer their lives on the flaming altar of battle, counting loss but gain, shall give place in their degenerate hearts to the desire to live at ease and to be let alone.

"In this rubric lo! the past is lettered,
Strike the red words out, we strike the glory:

Leave the sacred color on the pages,
Pages of the past that teach the future.

On that scripture

Yet shall young souls take the oath of service.
God end war! But when brute war is ended
Yet shall there be many a noble soldier,
Many a noble battle worth the winning,
Many a hopeless battle worth the losing.

Life is battle,

Life is battle even to the sunset!"

Life is battle. Battle for the integrity of our own souls. Battle for the betterment of the age in which we live. Many are the opportunities of service. That brave physician who has just given his fine young life in battle with a grim and terrible disease was as much a soldier as any belted knight who ever drew sword, as much a victor as any warrior who ever laid down his life amid the smoke of battle.

The time will never come when there will not be the necessity for battle, battle in our own souls, battle for the great causes of humanity. Where do we get the spirit of service and sacrifice, and conflict? The world gets it from the Bible, from the example of the Christian church throughout the ages, from the glory which streams from Calvary. We think it a small thing, sometimes, the service of the church of Jesus Christ. It seems to many of us, I doubt not, a prosaic and a formal thing.

I tell you that your faithfulness to the church, your loyalty to the cause of Jesus Christ, your service, however small and humble, counts in the conflict which goes on ceaselessly with the powers of evil. For the church is the great organized agency which keeps faith alive, which keeps the fighting and achieving spirit alive in the hearts of men. Let the church die, let it be neglected even, and resistance to evil will die also. However humble and obscure your place and your service may seem to be, nevertheless if you are faithful, you are fighting in the ranks of the Redeemer and the victor's crown will be yours.

Let no one think because I have said that this battle against evil must be renewed with every individual and every generation that it need be or is in any sense a losing battle. While sin flashes out with the same old demonic power in every generation and in every heart, this does not mean that the world belongs to the beast. The world has been redeemed by Jesus Christ and it belongs to God. Your soul belongs to God and not to the devil.

"This world is Christ's world. Ever since his feet pressed its stony paths, ever since his voice stirred its conscious air and his blessed hands broke its loaves and caressed its lilies the world has belonged to Him."

“ The world we live in wholly is redeemed,
Not man alone, but all that man holds dear.
His orchards and his maize, forget-me-nots,
And heart’s-ease in his garden, and the wild
Aerial blossoms of the untamed wood,
That makes the savagery so homelike — all
Have felt Christ’s sweet love watering their
roots.

There are no Gentile oaks, no pagan pines,
The grass beneath our feet is Christian grass,
The wayside weed is sacred unto him.”

Translate the poetry into prose and it means that the powers of light are stronger than the hosts of darkness. If there are principalities and powers of evil and spiritual wickedness in high places there are also legions of angels and principalities and powers of the Kingdom of God. And they are all on our side. There is no such thing as hopelessness in this conflict. It is a matter of psychology, of practical scientific observation, that a man cannot get so low in the human scale that the power of Christ’s love cannot lift him from the depths of hell to the heights of heaven. Man was not made for hell. He was made a little lower than God and companion of the stars. Let us fight valiantly then for our birthright. Let us come out of our narrow and selfish way of living, and go forth in the strength of God and the power of his might, to the conflict and to victory.

V

THE CITY OF THE BLIND

For he that lacketh these things is blind, seeing only what is near.— II Peter 1:9.

The ancient city of Chalcedon, situated on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus opposite the site of the later city of Byzantium, the modern Constantinople, was pronounced by a Greek oracle to be the "city of the blind," because its founders, with a beautiful and commanding situation just before them, across the narrow straits, chose a situation in every way mean, inferior, and unsatisfactory. There are few cities in the world which have not at one time or another deserved this contemptuous epithet. When the great fire of 1666 destroyed the old city of London, Sir Christopher Wren, perhaps the greatest genius in the field of architecture the world has ever seen, proposed a noble and comprehensive plan for the rebuilding of the city. From the great cathedral, which is his splendid monument, as a center, broad, splendid avenues were to radiate, the great main arteries of the city's life. His plan was not only a

vision of a beautiful London, but it was thoroughly business-like and practicable. No owner, he reckoned, would lose a foot of ground, there would be an immense appreciation of property values which would more than pay the cost of construction, the city would be healthier and cleaner. This broad, statesman-like plan was thwarted by the selfishness and blindness of property owners, who feared that in some way their individual interests might suffer. In the words of an old historian, "The only, and as it happened insurmountable Difficulty remaining, was the Obstinate Averseness on the part of the Citizens to alter their old Properties and to secede from building their Houses again on the old Ground and Foundations."

Through the dark and narrow and tortuous streets which are the monuments today of that ancient stupidity and obstinacy and blindness, three-quarters of a million of people and a vast tide of business traffic make, six days in the week, a slow and perilous passage. Business is choked and impeded, lives are lost almost daily because of these conditions imposed upon modern London by the selfishness of the past. London pays the heavy price, a price which can be definitely reckoned in terms of millions of pounds sterling yearly and a great sacrifice of life and limb for the "obstinate averseness" of its citizens to look at anything except that

which was near, that which concerned their own individual interests. Old London was a city of the blind.

This blindness in respect to the larger interests of the community is by no means, however, confined to ancient times. It is to a marked degree characteristic of our own times and our own civilization here in America. A recent editorial utterance on this subject reads as follows:

“The American people have not yet mastered the art of looking ahead. They can see, to be sure, next week, next year, or occasionally a decade, but beyond that the problem is lightly left to prosperity. As a result, we reap every day the blasted harvest of our own folly. We do not make allowance for the growth of the community or the advance of inventive genius. We build always for the present with a small plus sign.”

This states the case none too strongly. As a matter of fact, we often build with a minus sign instead of with even a small plus sign. We build in a way which actually so embarrasses and impedes the future that our work, poor and shoddy and inadequate, has to be utterly destroyed before any advance can be made. We build like the blind, seeing only what is near. We build in wood instead of in stone and we pay the price of our folly in an appalling loss by fire. We build all our public utili-

ties, streets, school houses, water systems, sewers, on a basis of economy rather than of wise forethought, and we pay the immense price of tearing down and rebuilding. There are few American cities which have not paid three or four times for reconstruction of public utilities, which ought to have been built originally for the generations and not for the passing day. In all our cities we are struggling with problems which ought never to have come into existence. Our congested and inconvenient public highways, our unlovely and dangerous slums, our inadequate public buildings, are inheritances from a past which thought itself wise and prudent and economical, but which was really blind and extravagant, in the heavy burdens which it thoughtlessly laid upon posterity. There are those at the present in every city who would be just as blind and short-sighted in regard to the future. There are always those who vehemently oppose any great public improvement, any attempt to embark upon a broad and constructive policy of city planning, because of the immediate outlay which is involved. These people are like blind moles tunnelling in the darkness, impelled only by the desire for the gratification of immediate economic needs, but revealing no consistent plan or purpose in this effort.

I am aware that the pulpit is not the place

for a full discussion of wise and prudent city planning on the material side. It is the place, however, for a consideration of the fundamental moral and ethical aspects which underlie this situation in our modern communities. The right management and government and development of a city is not simply a business proposition. That is where many reformers are making a mistake. They seem to think that all the gross evils of American municipal government will be overcome if only we can place the city on a strictly business basis. They forget that business as well as politics may become corrupt. The government of a city is essentially a problem in righteousness. Public office in a city is not a matter of allegiance to a party, nor primarily, integrity of business management. It strikes deeper than that. It is a matter of the highest type of moral obligation, of utterly faithful service, not only to the present, but to coming generations. The city is a great entity, a great personality, gathering up within itself the needs and the aspirations, the temptations and the sin, the hopes and the fears of all its myriad people. If the problem of righteousness and just dealing, of mutual rights and obligations between man and man, between neighbor and neighbor is an important, the all-important, religious question, what shall we say of this problem when it relates to all the people

of a great city in their dealings one with another? It is high time that we take these most vitally important questions which relate to the welfare of the whole people out of the arena of so-called practical politics and place them where they belong, in the moral and religious and judicial sphere. Any question which involves the rights of others is a moral question to be settled ultimately not by convenience, nor even by judicial procedure, but by the application of the principles of the Sermon on the Mount, by the eternal principles of brotherhood and love.

Consider this question then of the right planning and development of the life of the city, even on the material side. The blindness which provides only for the present, which builds upon consideration of expediency only, is a moral blindness. Its failure to make adequate provision for future growth and progress is not only obstinacy and short-sightedness, it is actually a sin. The future has rights which we are bound to respect. We have no moral right to consult our own convenience, our own financial advantage when the community is concerned. The old individualism served its purpose splendidly when it spoke in the guns of Lexington and Concord. It served its purpose when it secured forever and inalienably on this continent the right of the individual to be con-

sulted and heard in all matters of public concern. But individualism in any aggressive and selfish manifestation must give way to the larger considerations of the communal life. The city is not built for the satisfaction of any one individual, to enable him to do business conveniently, to amass wealth, to live in comfort. The city grows out of the toil and sacrifice of all the people, and all the people should be considered in its planning and in its growth. It is just as important that the operative of the factory should be provided with means of reaching his work safely and conveniently and quickly, as that thoroughfares should be constructed for the rapid transit of the automobile of the millionaire from city to city. The city of the past has been built in accordance with the caprice of the individual, upon a selfish, economic basis wholly. The result has been a huddle of tenements and palaces, of slums and parks, of inconvenient streets, of misplaced public buildings. Private greed and individual indifference have made it the breeding place of pestilence and a sink of moral depravity. It has calmly conveyed death to its people in polluted water and poisoned the very air which its children breathe. Such a city is an offence to God and a curse to man. The causes for the failure of adequate city planning go deeper than the elemental selfishness of men. The causes

may be found in lack of spiritual vision, and inspired imagination, in the failure of men to measure up to the divine standard which God has set before them. The apostle in our text indicates exactly the state of failure which results in the hideousness and squalor of the city. "He that lacketh these things is blind, seeing only that which is near." Spiritual blindness, moral near-sightedness, lack of prophetic vision, these are the underlying causes of the pitiful failure which our cities present. Go back to the Old Testament prophecies and you find at once that the dreams of the prophet included not only the moral regeneration of the people, but the transformation of physical conditions. The substance of all prophecy is the working out of God's plan both in the moral and in the material spheres. God expects us to have vision and imagination. His plan in its perfection and its utility and its beauty lies before us everywhere. It is a plan which is not only perfect in its detail, but progressive in its accomplishment. It is a plan which is moving on toward its preconceived fulfillment through the ages. When we create anything we are engaged in a divine task, and we must perform it with the inspired vision. We have no right to be slovenly, to build for the moment's profit, regardless of the future. We have no right to build that which is an offence to the eye, that

which is shoddy in construction, because it is cheaper so to build. What task can be more sublime than the building of a city, a place in which the divine soul of man works out on earth its immortal destiny. Do we realize enough that what we build in the city is the expression of ourselves, by which we shall be infallibly judged by the generations? We put our characters into brick and stone, into our public buildings. What will be the judgment, do you think, of a nobler race than ours, upon many of our American cities? How many of them contain anything which expresses an imperishably sublime and beautiful spirit, which stands for sacrifices and honor and truth and righteousness, and not merely for the dollar? Even our churches in many instances do not express that noble aspiration of David, "I will not give unto the Lord that which cost me nothing." They do not stand like the cathedrals of Europe as the ultimate and consummate expression of communal sacrifice and devotion, witnessing to the ages the splendor of faith and the glory of service. I wonder if we really have so little sense of civic pride, so little comprehension of the long results of time, so little communal honor, that we feel no sense of shame in the adverse judgments, the bitter censure of the coming generations over our failure? And yet a city may be so splendid, so regal, so

crowded with the monuments of inspired genius, that it does not suffer even when compared with God's architecture of the everlasting hills. Of the city of Verona Ruskin wrote:

"There is no necessity felt to dwell on the blue river or the burning hills. The heart and eye have enough to do in the streets of the city itself. They are contented there. Nay, they sometimes turn from the natural scenery, as if too savage and solitary, to dwell with a deeper interest on the palace walls which cast their shade upon the streets, and the crowd of towers that rise out of that shadow into the depth of the sky."

A city which has no pride, no vision, no imagination, which sees only that which is near, which is concerned only with the largest returns of capital regardless of the great divine principles of beauty and order, regardless of the best interests of the whole community, that city is a city of the blind. But there is a moral blindness deeper yet. It is perfectly true that beauty and orderliness do not make a perfect city, or rather a city may be made glorious in its external aspect through the vision and sacrifice of one generation only to relapse into moral degradation in the next. Venice, for centuries "a maiden city bright and free," fell at last because of the moral blindness of the people, and the ancient spirit of liberty so

strong in the people of Florence was crushed at last, while the palaces and statues erected by the immortal genius of her sons looked down upon the ashes of her former greatness in melancholy splendor.

A city is blind when the spirit of enterprise and trade overshadows the interests of the mind and of the heart. A city is blind when it fails in any respect in its duty of educating its children. The city can afford to make any sacrifice, it can afford to practice economy in any department, rather than withhold a single penny of the sum necessary to make its educational system as perfect as human effort can devise. It is blind unless it exalts to the highest degree the dignity and the moral worth of the teaching profession, and provides a complete training for the poorest child within its borders.

A city is morally blind which permits evil to go unrebuked and unpunished, which, instead of protecting its children against every form of vice, actually protects vice for the sake of the financial profit. A city is blind which cannot see that there can be no financial return from the licensing of any form of vice which can pay for one single soul which is ruined by that vice. Of all the products of a city, the human product is the most costly, the most precious. All the commerce of a city, the

product of all its workshops and factories, cannot weigh for a moment in the balance with a single immortal soul. Any city which neglects the human product, while it enlarges its factories and extends its streets, is totally lacking in spiritual vision.

Finally, that city is blind which neglects the source of moral worth and spiritual power, the church. The church has been at times, itself blind. It has often lamentably failed of carrying out its divine mission, but it has always been and will always be the source of light and strength and freedom. What is the great temptation of the city? Not simply that certain of its children shall utterly degrade themselves in the unspeakable filth of its worst vices. The greatest danger is that life shall become so absorbingly interesting and vital on the material side, that the children of light, the inheritors of the great traditions of the fathers, shall lose their faith and their insight and their vision and become spiritually blind, seeing only that which is near, thinking only of the present, forgetting the obligation of service.

“ No more we build as they who built of old:

Stone upon stone, in solemn order set,

Prayer upon prayer; the gilded minaret,

The sculptured spire, the stern defiant hold,

Each slowly reared, to stand while years unfold.

Then builders knew not haste, nor the keen fret
That spurs our toil, but all in patience met.
They gave long lives to beauty long foretold.

We fling across the clouds a fabric sheer,
Deep in the earth our hidden pillars drive;
Lo, an adventure: towers to greet the night!
The forces of the lightning and the mere
Are slaves we conquer that our dreams may
thrive;
We rest — in wonder — but without delight.”

That, it seems to me, is a true indictment of the present age. We build wonderful fabrics. We possess the power of the genii of Aladdin's lamp, but we do these marvellous things without the true joy of service. We see only that which is near, that which our own hands have built. We lack the patience, the serene joy, the inward satisfaction of those who build not for today, but for the ages. Let us pray, then, that our eyes may be opened to the long results of time as well as to the near. Let us pray for vision, for imagination, for insight, for the prophetic spirit, that we may no longer walk in the darkness but walk in the light of a divine radiance.

VI

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS

For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.—Matt. 7:29.

Of all the great agencies which are shaping the life of the American commonwealth, no one is of more importance than the public school. I would almost say that it overshadows in its significance all other agencies combined. It is unfortunate, but it is true, that the influence and authority of the American home over the children born into it has steadily waned. In many homes the child is not much more than a boarder, and an unwelcome and disagreeable one at that. The influence of church and Sunday school is exerted for an insignificant period of time. We gather the children of Christian people together for a half hour of actual study each week and we call this gathering, with unconscious humor, a school. It accomplishes wonderful results in view of its limitations, but consider how pitifully inadequate is its time and its opportunity. There remains, then, as the

great formative influence of our national life, dominating, overshadowing all others, the public school. To this institution we give the exclusive control of our children during the larger part of their waking hours. This exclusive influence continues during the most critical and decisive period of life, those unspeakably significant years of adolescence, in which habits are formed, the hidden tendencies of life developed, and the whole character is moulded as clay in the hands of the potter. I have said that the influence of the city is to be decisive in our national life. What makes the city? How is its character formed? By the men and women who live in its homes and engage in its industries and control its government. What is behind the life of the city? What is the decisive influence which moulds and shapes its citizenship? On the material side, unquestionably, the public school. No other influence is half as pervasive, no other institution is half as important, as a factor in citizenship. I believe in the public school with all my heart and soul. I most sincerely honor and respect that great army of talented, devoted, self-sacrificing men and women, who, in the face of many discouragements and limitations, often inadequately and meanly rewarded, in view of the importance of the service which they render, are giving their lives to this high calling. No class

is more deserving of support and sympathy and consideration than the members of this great fraternity. I believe, also, that the public school stands today as the corner stone of the republic, the conservator of democracy, the crucible in which all nationalities, all classes, are fused into one people, and that a characteristically American people. The assimilation of other races by this republic is one of the miracles of history, and the credit is due almost exclusively to the enlightening, uplifting, patriotic service of the public school.

But this profound belief in the value and importance of the public school should not make us blind to its deficiencies, nor less earnest in our desire to improve in every way possible an admirable system. The public school, like the church or any other great institution, has its defects, and the greatest of these in my opinion is this: The objective point to which the whole system is directed, is scientific and not moral. I use the word moral of course in no narrow, restricted sense, but in the broad significance of the word, in which it stands for those great spiritual entities which are over against the material life of the world. The public school is materialistic in its aim. Its purpose is avowedly to impart information and not primarily to develop character. I do not say for a moment that it never develops char-

acter, but that is not its avowed object. Its machinery is designed to provide as much information as the average child is able to assimilate during a given period, and there its responsibility ends. The new importance which is being given to technical, commercial and vocational training in response to the demand that education be made practical as well as theoretical, tends to emphasize the purely utilitarian aim of the public school. The state aims to provide the child with technical information, with the tools of his trade, and there its responsibility ends.

This theory of public education is based, I most firmly believe, upon mistaken premises. First, in regard to the content of truth even from the scientific standpoint. The public school system in this country has grown up during that great period of scientific investigation and discovery, which has concerned itself chiefly, if not wholly, with material phenomena. The universe has been reduced to a system, it has been classified and catalogued and arranged, and this work has been of the utmost importance. It is the basis of our modern civilization upon the material side. But we make a fatal mistake, when we come to believe that the data of science constitute the sum total of desirable and necessary knowledge. The whole vast realm of the spiritual life of humanity lies out-

side the field of materialistic science, and yet it is just as real and significant as the material phenomena of the universe. The fundamental conceptions of right and wrong, of justice and injustice, of truth and falsehood, do not belong to the field of religious inquiry alone. They find their exemplification in the most practical life of the world: in trade, in politics, in all the great complicated relationships of our civic life. The science which is so short sighted as to leave out the great ethical standards, the actions and reactions of conduct, which confines itself to the material and which ignores the existence of the desires and passions of men in their interplay upon physical phenomena, is not worthy the name of science. The teaching which carefully enumerates and describes the bones of the human skeleton and the dead tissues of the body and ignores the acts of the living man, the skeleton clothed with reason and endowed with divine energy for good or evil, is not worthy the name of teaching. Could there be any possible objection to the teaching in our public schools, for example, that the same exact and invariable laws which apply in physics and chemistry apply also in the realm of conduct? Would the tender religious susceptibilities of any one be hurt if children were taught the fundamental conceptions of truth and honesty and obedience? When the tables of measures are

taught as a part of the necessary equipment of a child, would it be violating any known principle of pedagogy to teach that a false balance is an abomination to the Lord, and also rank injustice to the community as well?

Are we following any known and successful precedent in thus discriminating between what is purely scientific and what is moral instruction and rejecting the latter? Far from it. I quote from a leading authority:

“We have the only great school system the world has ever seen which does not include a definite and formal instruction in religion, with the single exception of France, which relinquished it in 1882, and France has put in the place of its religious instruction the most systematic and thorough moral and civic instruction which the world has ever seen, and is today working with unflagging zeal to make the moral instruction the most efficient and vital part of its whole curriculum.”

Even France, then, which we are accustomed to regard as wholly materialistic, does not hold to our mistaken theory that the whole content of the truth which the state is under obligation to impart is to be found in scientific data. Materialistic France according to this authority “is working with unflagging zeal to make moral instruction the most effectual and vital part of the whole curriculum.” Our own nation, of

all the countries of the world, without precedent and without any sound scientific basis for its theory, is conducting the dangerous experiment of using a system of instruction which ignores the moral element of life.

I am not pleading for any system of religious instruction in the public schools, but why on a scientific basis should the Bible be excluded? It is not the property of any sect. It is the great source of the moral and ethical development of Western civilization. It is the greatest book of the ages. Its influence runs through all our English literature, through all our modern civilization. It is bound up with our history, our art, our speech. If we study the Greek classics and the Greek mythology, why should we reject the prophets of Israel and the Book of Psalms? Jesus is admittedly the supreme figure of history. He is not the property of any sect. We may teach our children the lives of Alexander and Cæsar and Napoleon, but we may not teach the child anything of the Prince of Peace, nor study, even without note or comment, the Sermon on the Mount. We have no wish to bring any form of religious controversy into the school, but there is much in regard to Jesus, much of the Bible, which is above and beyond controversy, recognized as such by Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile. It is at least as important as a part of

human knowledge, as a study of the habits of butterflies and a precise knowledge of the boundaries of Patagonia. It should be included in any comprehensive system of education, because it is as much a part of the sum of human knowledge as the multiplication table. The stream cannot rise higher than its source. If we exclude the Bible and all forms of moral and ethical training from the schools, how can we expect a product expressed in terms of righteousness and good citizenship?

We are in error again, I believe, in our estimate of the end and object of education from the personal standpoint. We have made it wholly utilitarian. We fit the child, we say, as completely and as expeditiously as possible for the practical duties of life. There is always a pressure to remove the classics even, from the curriculum, on the ground that they promote culture only, and culture is an expensive luxury which the public school cannot be expected to provide. We are proceeding here again upon a wholly mistaken basis. The ultimate end of education is not simply the acquirement of knowledge, but the attainment of knowledge plus character. The moral element cannot be left out of any estimate of personality. It is the particular function of the Church, it is true, to teach religion, to regenerate humanity, to save men from their sins.

Does the state dare, however, to demand practically all the child's time during the formative years, teach a colorless mass of knowledge from which even the ethical and moral elements have been extracted, and then turn the product over to the Church for regeneration? The public school should provide a basis, at least, for the moral life. If it does not concern itself about the faith of its citizens, it should be concerned to produce good citizenship. Knowledge alone will not do even that. Take your prize scholar. He comes, we will say, from a home where he has had no moral training whatever. He has a quick and retentive mind, which has satisfactorily absorbed a large amount of information — like a sponge. You have, in addition to information, given him a thorough technical training, so that he graduates a machinist, ready for his trade, and you point with pride to the finished product. But suppose he finds a machine shop dull, and his trade stupid? Suppose he prefers to exercise his mechanical ability at night with a jimmy and a dark lantern, in acquiring the property of other people? The knowledge which you have given him without character, makes him the more formidable foe of society. The more clever a man, the more dangerous knowledge becomes in his unscrupulous hands. You would fail sometimes, of course, with all the moral and ethical training

you could give, but far less often than you fail now.

What is the true end and aim of education? Let me give it in the words of Milton from his "Tractate on Education."

"I call, therefore, a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. In the classics the main skill and ground work will be to temper the pupils with such lectures and explanations upon every opportunity as may lead and draw them into willing obedience, inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue, stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages."

Education, in other words, should be designed primarily to make men, to produce character, to develop patriotism, virtue, and a high sense of honor. Its results should be measured, not simply in terms of scholarship, of acquirement, but in the terms of sweetness and dignity in womanhood, of honor and courage and chivalry in manhood. Does our utilitarian system accomplish this? To some extent, and in some instances, thanks to the fine personality of the teachers behind the system, but it is not the result of the system. Does it accomplish it as thoroughly as it is attained in the English

school and set forth in the familiar lines of Newboldt:

“ This is the word that year by year
While in his place the school is set,
Every English boy must hear
And none that hears it dare forget:
This they all with a joyful mind,
Bear through life like a torch aflame,
And falling, fling to the host behind,
Play up! play up! and play the game! ”

Do our American young men look to the public school as the Englishmen throughout the Empire look back to Rugby and Harrow and Winchester, as the places where, in addition to knowledge, all high ideals of noble manhood, of courage and faith and honor were inculcated? Do our young men look back to the public school with a reverence which lasts them through life, as the place where faith was stimulated, and character broadened, and they were taught to be men and play their part whether in peace or war, whether in trade or politics, with a high sense of patriotism and duty? I think that nearly every one is agreed that the failure, and in many cases it is an abject and pitiful failure, of our civic life is just at this point, in the indifference and lack of courage and patriotism on the part of the citizen. Where does the responsibility for the failure lie? Let me ask instead, if it would not be pos-

sible to train the children in the public schools definitely for civic service? Would it not be possible to teach them that the faithful performance of the fundamental duties of a citizen in a democracy is as important as the daily duties of business life? that the avoidance of these duties is an unpatriotic and an unrighteous act? I do not mean a patriotic exercise now and then, but a definite part of that broader training in character which should be an essential part of every system of education. Discipline, obedience, respect for the rights of others, the sense of obligation to the community, these are at least as important as any technical information which may be imparted. Let me emphasize the fact again, that in the lives of a majority of children the school exercises the supreme and decisive authority. Not to recognize the fact that character is the supreme element in citizenship is simply suicidal. The state rests ultimately upon character. It can have no continued existence except as intelligence is reinforced by virtue. The first thing that it should teach in self-defence, if for no other reason, is a type of citizenship in which character and the sense of personal obligation are the main factors.

Until this defect in our system is recognized and these things are definitely and systematically taught, we must rely upon the impartation

of character by the daily example of the teacher, to supply the deficiency. This is accomplished by the teacher to an extraordinary degree. The majority of our teachers see the defect clearly and endeavor to remedy it, but this is our good fortune, not the merit of our system. The best teachers have high ideals, the system has not. This fact renders the choice of teachers the most important work of the municipality. The over emphasis of the importance of mental training has led the schools and colleges to make the demand for high scholarship in teachers of first importance. Good scholarship should be required, but character should be of first consideration. I do not care if a man is decorated with all the letters of the alphabet, I do not care what his intellectual attainments may be, if he does not possess a character of irreproachable integrity and sincerity and manliness, he has no business to be a teacher in the public schools. A woman may have studied in all the universities of Germany. She may be a paragon of information. Unless she possesses in addition a personality which embodies the highest ideals of womanhood, her place is anywhere but in the public school. I am not implying for a moment that the majority of our teachers do not possess these qualities. They *ought* to possess these qualities. The interests involved are too im-

portant, the stake is too high to take chances with anything less. The tendency, however, is to make scholarship and intellectual ability supreme, and to neglect the more essential element of character. As a matter of fact, some of the world's greatest teachers have been men and women of only moderate scholastic attainment. Personality and not scholarship is the decisive factor.

Finally, I believe the time must come when the teaching in our public schools will be idealistic and not simply utilitarian. Jesus Christ was the greatest teacher the world has ever known. The teaching of the scribes of his day was formal, scholastic, and therefore it was without influence over the individual or the nation. The teaching of Jesus possessed the weight of authority, because it aimed at the development of the whole nature. "I am come that they might have life and have it abundantly." "Life is more than meat." "Man does not live by bread alone." Education is more than information, more than the knowledge necessary to make a living. Education must minister to the soul as well as to the body. It must be as broad as Herbert's great definition, "The chief business of education is the ethical revelation of the universe." Education includes a revelation of God as well as of matter. It must mould and develop and train the

whole nature, and not leave the most important part stunted and neglected. Sometime I firmly believe, the state, the city, will recognize this fact. No matter how great your teeming population, no matter how extensive and profitable your industries, no matter how complete the information you give the boys and girls who throng your great schools, unless your city is undergirded with righteousness, unless the rising generation is endowed with character, unless your city is a city of God, and Jesus Christ the final authority behind its knowledge and its power, it will fail and die. For love translated into character is the supreme factor in human life. "Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail: whether there be tongues, they shall cease: whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." But the love of God which passeth understanding, the love of Christ which redeems the world, these are the abiding and the eternal things as they are wrought into the life of man and blossom in faith and service. And these things, the sense of the eternal and the divine behind the phenomena of nature, behind the flying shadow of the material world, must be comprehended somehow, in any system of education, public or private, which is to answer the supreme end of education, the complete and symmetrical development of a personality made in God's image.

VII

THE IDEAL CITIZENSHIP

That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world.
— Philippians 2: 15.

The human element is often the last to be considered when we sum up the life of the city. Business and commercial interests always stand first. If the city is growing in population, we call it prosperity and we are satisfied. The question as to whether it is growing in righteousness, does not much concern us. We consider human life in the bulk, men and women as commercial and industrial units, not as individuals. Even the great moral questions are approached in the minds of most men from the utilitarian standpoint. What is the chief consideration when the saloon, for example, is brought to the attention of the men of the community on election day? How many men think, "This is a traffic which is destroying my fellow men, body and soul, and therefore as a brotherly act, I will oppose it"? The majority of

men think, "The saloon is in some remote way a promoter of trade; to destroy it might injure certain business interests, therefore I will continue it and protect it."

It is hard for us to realize that it is this human element which is really the effective and important factor in the life of the city. Behind every machine there is a man, behind every process of manufacture, behind every phase of construction and transportation, there are men and women, and there would be no city and no commerce, and no tides of travel and trade without them. Of what use would be your public schools, your libraries, your civic functions of all kinds if human intelligences were not directing them? Yet how seldom do we think of this phase of our city life! We think more of the new building than of the life which is to be trained and directed within its walls. We pay more attention to the laying out of streets and parks than to the housing of the poor. We think more of the physical adornment of the city than of the adornment which comes from great and noble character.

"Rest your self-esteem more in character," said a Greek philosopher of the first century to the citizens of the rich and powerful city of Smyrna, "than in the beauty of your city. Though it is the most beautiful of all cities under the sun and makes the sea its own and

holds the fountain of Zephyrus, yet it is a greater charm to wear a crown of men than a crown of porticoes and pictures and gold beyond the standard of mankind, for buildings are seen only in their own place, but men are seen everywhere and spoken about everywhere and make their city as vast as the range of countries they can visit." This is as true as the day on which it was spoken. The best advertisement of a city is an enlightened citizenship. Let it be known that life is safe within your borders, that law is enforced, that crime is kept in check, that the schools and churches are of the highest order of excellence, that the moral tone of the community is lofty, that men are sensitive to evil and earnestly striving to maintain the highest civic ideals, and you will find men seeking that city out as a place of residence and business.

The time will come, I am convinced, when we shall see the futility and foolishness of the purely commercial standards of life which we have established. We shall see that we simply cannot escape our responsibility. We live too closely together, we come into too intimate contact in all the relationships of life, to escape the penalty of carelessness and neglect of civic duties. It comes home to us as plainly, perhaps, in the matter of health as in any other aspect. Suppose a disease, a disease we will say hith-

erto unknown, accompanied by appalling results to human life, originates in unsanitary conditions which the city has neglected. We might possibly, such is our selfishness, look at it with indifference if it attacked the children of the slums alone. But it does not do so. It is no respecter of persons. It knocks at the door of the merchant prince as well as at the portal of the tenement. It seizes in its relentless grip the children of the rich as well as of the poor. The city pays the penalty. And it is so, also, in the moral life of the community. We are too closely bound together by ties which we did not make and cannot break, to avoid the responsibility here. The moral evil of the community does not remain in the foul pools in which it is bred. A moral miasma arises from those pools, and that evil which we condone for the sake of business, which we have not the courage to destroy because it may affect trade, enters not the poorest homes of the city alone, but the most carefully guarded, and leaves its trail of sorrow and despair behind. You may segregate vice, but you cannot confine the evil influence of the thing to any quarter of the city. When you elect to live in the city because of the advantages which accrue to you in society and trade, you need not think that you can shirk your responsibility, nor that wealth and position will make you immune from its perils.

You cannot take what the city has to give you and give nothing in return. We shall see this sometimes. We shall realize that we must consider the human factor first, because it is the most important. We shall bend our energies then, and spend our money, not only on beautiful buildings and gigantic factories, but we shall exert ourselves along the line of the improvement of moral and social conditions, the betterment of human life, the building of human character.

When that great hearted teacher of the public schools, Miss Margaret Maguire, first suggested the possibility of a special training for defective children to the rich and powerful municipality of Philadelphia, which employed her at wholly inadequate wages, the reply came that the city had no money to waste on such experiments, which must be conducted, if at all, at her own expense. Every one knows the result of her persistence and self-sacrifice, but it is no credit to the city which had money to waste in graft, in a hundred foolish and unintelligent ways, but none with which to reach down a helping hand to a defective child, made defective, very probably, by the evil conditions under which it came into the world. Sometime we shall know that the poorest, most backward child that walks our streets is worth all the time and money we can expend for its intellectual

and moral salvation. Never forget that the communal life is no stronger than its weakest link. Neglect of the human element will inevitably bring its own punishment. Democracy must fail unless it is true democracy, the participation of the whole and not a part of the citizenship in all its activities and all its benefits.

Jesus, the greatest exponent of democracy the world has ever seen, phrases it both convincingly and poetically in his great command, "Let your light shine." What does that mean? On Sunday? Does it mean that we are to be so distinct from the world, so pious, that the admiring gaze of the populace shall be turned upon us? Nothing of the kind. He means that there is a light of personality, of power, which God has given to every one of us, and we are to let it shine out of our lives, all the time, on every occasion; in the home, in the school room, in the office, on the street. We are to let the light of service and devotion and love which is in us go out to meet all the problems of society; all the demands of the associated life of the community. Democracy, Christianity, mean the same thing. They mean the acceptance of responsibility, the giving of our Christ enlightened personalities to the common tasks of humanity. They mean that we are not simply to live in the city and enjoy its benefits. We are to feel in return a high sense of loyalty and de-

votion and pride in all that makes the city. This is not simply a civic duty. It is a religious duty. It should call out the same sense of patriotism which burns in men's hearts in time of war. This feeling of civic patriotism was greater in the ancient days than it is in ours. It found its best expression in the Ephobic oath, taken by the youth of Athens when first admitted to the duties of citizenship:

“We will never bring disgrace to this our city by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks. We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many. We will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul and set them at naught. We will strive unceasingly to quicken the public sense of civic duty: that thus in all these ways we may transmit this city not less, but greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.”

It would be a good thing if our American youth were to take such an oath as this of loyalty and devotion to the city. Many instead come to look upon the city as an “easy mark,” the legitimate prey of the unscrupulous manipulation of party politics. How many men who are elected to office in the municipality have in their hearts no motive whatever except that of a high and honorable purpose to serve their

fellow men, to make the city better and cleaner and more righteous? How many enter upon office with the interests of no individual or corporation to serve, free absolutely to devote themselves impartially to the public interests and those alone? Not many, and that is because we have developed no sense of civic patriotism and civic righteousness, no sense of mutual responsibility. We look upon the city not as a democracy, a commonalty which we all own, in which we all share, in whose good name and good fortune we are all concerned. The city is looked upon impersonally, as a gigantic corporation, to plunder which by cunning and shrewdness is a virtue rather than otherwise. The ward politician looks upon the spoils and perquisites of city politics as his legitimate reward. Why is he spending his time and energy if not for what he can get out of it? What is office for? What is the city, if not the beneficent source from which all blessings flow, in the form of easy jobs and padded pay-rolls and all the familiar forms of municipal graft?

We know perfectly well that in many of our American cities the government is in the hands not of high minded and intelligent and patriotic citizens. We know that it is in the hands of a gang of political workers who are in it frankly, for what is coming to them when the spoils are

divided. Witness the shame of the city of Lawrence, whose mayor was taken from the chair of his high office to the county jail for the flagrant and impudent violations of the very laws which he had sworn to enforce. The conditions will never be any better until the men who are outside this gang, the earnest, intelligent, disinterested men of the community, awaken to a sense of their duty and their responsibility, until these men take at least enough interest in the welfare of their city to go to the caucuses and to the polls on election day. It always seems unpatriotic to some when any comparisons are made with conditions in other countries unfavorable to America. But every one who knows anything about conditions in England and on the continent knows that they are immeasurably better than with us. Why is it? Because they have developed a sense of civic responsibility. Because they are democratic in the truest sense of the word, and we are oligarchic. Because we allow our affairs to be managed by the few forces, and those few usually not the best, but the worst. In England the best men in the community, and by best I am not drawing any invidious distinction of wealth and class, the best men of all classes and all creeds give their time and their service freely to the interests of the city. There is no political graft in the English municipality. Every man

is working for the betterment of his city with the same sort of loyal interest and devotion which inspired the Athenian youth when he took the Ephebic oath. When a man enters upon office he ceases to think of himself, of his party, or of his personal friends and relatives. He is simply an Englishman set there to serve his city to the best of his ability with all his heart and soul. And that, I say, is essentially a religious attitude. It must all come back to that finally. The man who does this is letting his light shine not for his own illumination, but for others. He is projecting his own personality with the gifts which God has given him into the commercial life. It is a higher attitude than business, higher than patriotism. These will not suffice alone. We say we want our business men to go into politics. We say we want a business administration. I do not know about that wholly. There are some business men whom I would much rather see anywhere than in public office. There are some business methods devised by the devil, and we certainly do not want them applied to public affairs. Patriotism alone will not suffice. There was corruption in Athens in spite of the Ephebic oath. Athens repudiated her prophets and slew her gentlest and best. Behind business methods and patriotism, we must have conscience and ideals. We must

have men who possess the prophetic vision, whose minds are set on high things. And we must link the vision to the hard, prosaic work of politics. The trouble with us in all our affairs is that we have tried carefully to separate faith and works, vision and service; and you cannot do it without disaster. We must get back to the mediæval idea of a religious faith which penetrates all our daily lives, which enters into our business or politics and transforms them, idealizes them and makes them holy. We cannot lead one life of faith and prayer and aspiration, and another of hard, cold, calculating selfishness. We cannot build a beautiful golden shrine for faith and live in a mean hovel of selfishness in our daily work. We cannot have a religious life of the community which preaches and prays on Sunday and lets the city go to the devil on Monday.

In the fifteenth century there lived in Salisbury, England, John Halle, a famous merchant of the wool trade and mayor of the city. He adopted as the sign of his business a sacred emblem, the cross, as a symbol of Christianity, a circle, indicating a belief in eternity, and a triangle, standing for the Trinity, the whole intertwined above the staple, the distinctive mark of his trade. "And I cannot but think," says an old writer as he comments upon this symbol, "that I here recognize a figurative

meaning. I cannot divest my mind of the idea that the pious merchant here means to designate that his mercantile transactions are entered into with honest integrity; that he trades beneath the cross; that he is enlisted under the banner of his Saviour; that he enters into his commercial dealings with the good faith of the Christian."

How many men today trade beneath the cross? How many would dare to stamp upon every piece of goods they made the cross and the triangle and the circle, the emblems of service and sacrifice and the eternal distinctions between right and wrong? How many men of our modern days are entering politics beneath the cross, resolved to stand for those things and those things only which are true and righteous and lovely and of good report? How many men enter public service with the same feelings of chivalry and devotion which would send them out to battle if the nation were attacked by a foreign foe? We must recover this spirit in our civic life, in business, in government, yes, in the church itself. We are immensely clever in our age. We have a great admiration for the man who is smart, who turns the trick, who "delivers the goods," and we are not greatly concerned to inquire how he does it, if he only produces results. Are we clever enough to see that this sort of thing can end

only in disaster? Life in its long results is built upon the foundation stones of conscience and righteousness and character, and not on the shifting sands of cleverness and trickery and deceit. We must demand the highest type of men in business, in politics, the ideal citizenship; men who trade and serve beneath the cross, who are actuated not by selfishness but by principle, who let the light of an exalted character shine for the high service to which they are called.

VIII

THE SALOON: A PUBLIC NUISANCE

And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie.— Revelation 21:27.

The city is a society of men and women organized for the greatest good of the greatest number. When a person elects to live in a city he surrenders voluntarily certain individual rights. He is not compelled to live in the city, but if he chooses to do so, he must abide by the laws which are made, not for his individual benefit but for the good of all. A man's own house is his castle, which may not be invaded under ordinary circumstances. What a man eats or drinks, what he wears, how he conducts himself, is his own concern, provided he does nothing which disturbs the peace of his neighbors. If, however, he makes himself an offense to his neighbors, if he violates the common law, then his house may be entered and the annoyance suppressed. In the community at large a still greater restraint is placed upon individual liberty. A man may do nothing which works det-

riment or harm, or which becomes an offense to his neighbor. Every year the rights of the community as against those of the individual are enlarged. The city sees to it that no business becomes a source of contagion or a menace to the public health. An unsanitary bake shop may be closed. A manufactory emanating vile odors will not be permitted in proximity to the homes of the people. Regulations may be passed requiring a minimum of smoke from chimneys and locomotives. The milk supply must reach a certain standard of purity and excellence. The sweeping national pure food laws, while not perfect in form nor in execution, have none the less broken down many of the barriers which formerly existed between public and private rights. More and more the community stands upon its rights. Steadily it enlarges the boundaries of the realm of public privilege. Every day it has less patience with anything which invades its rights and becomes a public nuisance, a source of danger and offense to all.

I maintain that the open saloon is a public nuisance, that it is a source of moral corruption, of social defilement. I maintain that it poisons the sources of public and private virtue, that it is hostile to legitimate business interests, that it is a standing menace to the health and prosperity of any community. The most dangerous evil of the city today is not po-

litical corruption, but the source of political corruption, the malignant social agency which we call the saloon. The saloon is a public nuisance, and on this ground it should be suppressed and driven out of every community.

The saloon is a public nuisance because it is the source of a very large percentage of all the forms of evil in the city. We cannot define exactly what this mysterious force which we call evil is, but we know by experience, by observation, its malignant and destructive power. We know beyond question that it corrupts personality as a powerful acid corrodes and disintegrates a metal. We know that it is the foe of civilization, that it destroys the constituent order of society as well as the personality of the individual. Evil manifests itself outwardly in acts against law and order which we call crime. Crime knows no law, recognizes no authority. It is a destructive force directed against property, against human life itself. Society attempts to safeguard itself against crime in various ways. It organizes police forces which constitute practically an army in times of peace; it builds jails and prisons which are really great military defenses. It must do this, or society would go back into its original elements of savagery. In spite of its well disciplined army, in spite of its strong defenses, society faces the fact today that crime is on the increase. You

cannot open your newspaper without reading accounts of bold crimes committed both in the city and in the country. This increase in crime is a very serious matter. Those who are acquainted with the facts know how narrow is the margin of safety at all times between law and order and anarchy.

What shall be done? Shall we go on indefinitely increasing police forces and enlarging prisons? Is there not a better way? The search for the cause of any given phenomenon is the basic principle of all modern scientific discovery, of all modern progress. The astronomer notices that the planets do not exactly follow the known law of their motion. He searches for the cause, and maps out exactly the position of the undiscovered planet which alone can account for the variation. All the great inventions are the result of the tracing of observed phenomena to the reason, the cause, which, undiscovered by the untrained eye, always lies behind the outward fact. When an outbreak of fever or plague occurs in a community, the health authorities immediately begin a careful investigation of the possible sources of contamination. The water and milk supplies, garbage, insects; everything that is in any way suspected is examined by experts to find the source of contagion. Cut off the impure water and the typhoid epidemic is con-

quered. Screen the cisterns and New Orleans is freed from the perpetual menace of yellow fever. Kill the rats, and San Francisco and the whole nation is preserved from the horror of the bubonic plague. Is there any possible reason why we should not apply the same scientific principles to the problem of crime?

Crime is a phenomenon which must be like all things else, reducible to known laws and principles. Crime is a moral infection. The problem of society is to find its source, and when it is found, to destroy it. What is the source of crime? I have never heard any recognized authority dispute the statement that the main source of crime is alcohol and the dispenser of alcohol, the saloon. This is not my opinion, or the opinion of any dogmatist of any school. It is cold, hard, indisputable fact. It is just as inevitable, just as irrefutable as the multiplication table or the law of gravitation. It is based upon figures which have been verified time after time, it is based upon the testimony of criminals themselves, of students and keepers of criminals, upon the grim records of prisons and jails. The saloon-keeper himself does not deny it or attempt to deny it. In all the literature published by the saloon interests, you will not find anywhere a denial of the figures published by the trained experts of the bureaus of statistics; namely, that 84% of the crime of

the nation is caused by liquor. Now, if we have discovered the main cause of crime and disorder in the community, why not, according to the procedure of science, proceed to abate it? Why should the community have any more sympathy for the saloon, any more tolerance of it, than it would have for a typhoid-breeding pool of filthy water or for a swarm of deadly mosquitoes or for a nest of rats infected with the bubonic plague? Here is the unquestioned, undoubted source of much of the evil of our cities. Stamp it out then! Destroy it, in the name of civilization, lest it infect the community, pollute your own homes and inoculate with vice your own children! Can the stern logic of the situation be questioned? The saloon is a public nuisance because it is a source, an admitted source of moral contagion, the original cause of the major part of the evil and misery of the city. Therefore it should be destroyed.

Again, the saloon is a public nuisance, because it is a source of economic loss, both to labor and to capital. Many of the great railroads of the country forbid their employees to be seen in a saloon, either on or off duty, under penalty of instant discharge from the service. Since that terrible catastrophe on one of our railroads in the summer of 1912, caused by a drunken engineer who drove his great express locomotive past three signals set against him,

full speed into the rear of an excursion train, killing or maiming nearly a hundred passengers, the railroads have made still more stringent regulations against the saloon. No employer of labor who is not absolutely blind to his own interests will uphold an institution which debauches his workmen and decreases his profits. The margin of profit is too small, to neglect an item of such importance. The evidence is absolutely conclusive that alcohol reduces the efficiency of the workman and increases the number of accidents in all forms of industry.

If the saloon is the foe of Capital, how much more is it the arch-enemy of Labor. The intelligent workingman sees that he must choose between his appetite and his own interests. If he drinks, he earns less, he is in constant danger of discharge, because all the important concerns in the country are demanding sober labor. The young workingman knows that he must choose between a home of his own and the saloon. He certainly cannot have both. If he frequents the saloon, he cannot properly clothe and educate his children, he must deprive his family of many of the necessities and comforts of life. The position of Labor is strongly set forth by the great leader, John Mitchell, who says, "I am against the saloons because they are against my people. On pay day the saloon-keepers are like tigers. My men enter

their resorts with their wages, and often leave them with nothing, and then the wives must pacify the storekeepers for the non-payment of bills, and the family is left practically destitute. Our union stands for temperance, and better and more decent men."

The saloon should be destroyed as a public nuisance because it endangers the public safety through the criminal inefficiency of drunken workmen, and because it reduces the earning power of both labor and capital.

The only arguments in favor of the saloon are these:

First, the license fees help to pay the taxes of the city. This is a plea as false as it is specious. The saloon-keeper turns a certain amount of money over to the city, but where does he get it? Who pays it? I will tell you who pays it. The mothers and wives and little children of the city pay it. The wife must go without a new dress, the child without shoes, little children like yours must go cold and hungry to bed in order that you may profit by the license fee. It is paid in blood and tears. The respectable and prosperous citizens of the community cannot afford morally or economically to profit by a few dollars saved in taxes in such a manner. It is not really saved. The saloons are a financial loss to the tax-payer, for the simple and sufficient reason that they make

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more expense than they pay in revenue. You are not a gainer by the transaction if a man puts one dollar into your pocket and takes two dollars out. It is an old "flim flam" game which the saloon has worked on an unsuspecting public for many years. The license fees in any city do not begin to pay the increased cost of pauperism and crime which the saloon entails. Add to the burdens of actual taxation the immense sums given by philanthropy to repair the mischief caused to society by the saloon and we shall begin to realize the folly of supposing the saloon to be a source of profit to the city. The tax-payer who votes to maintain the saloon under the impression that it is wise economy is simply the victim of a confidence game which he is not shrewd enough to detect.

It can be demonstrated beyond any possibility of doubt that the city without the saloon is better, happier, cleaner and more prosperous. The saloon impoverishes the country morally, and it also impoverishes it financially. The license fee is a will-o'-the-wisp. It deceives the business man with its golden promise and vanishes in the bog of increased pauperism and crime. The saloon is a vampire which sucks the blood of legitimate industry.

The saloon is not a business: it cannot be treated by the community upon a business basis.

It is a public nuisance and no city is better off financially or in any other way for maintaining a public nuisance.

But there is another argument which is very commonly used even by people who do not believe in the saloon. If you abolish the saloon, that will not stop drinking, it will only drive the selling of liquor into places of concealment and the cure will be worse than the evil. This it seems to me is the weakest possible argument which could be advanced. Certainly it has no standing on any moral ground; and like the previous argument, it rests upon a fallacy. Prohibition is not the right word to use in this connection. You cannot, in the strictest sense of the word, prohibit any evil. But because we can not prohibit, does it follow that we must license an evil? The logical application of such a principle would destroy the efficiency of all law and turn the community over to anarchy. We cannot prohibit assault or burglary, or arson or murder, or any of the many evils which afflict society. Shall we then license them? Suppose you were knocked down in the street, brutally beaten and robbed, and you should discover that your assailant wore a badge which announced that he was Licensed Highwayman No. 47. Then suppose a respectable citizen should come along and you should vehemently protest at such a proceeding. Sup-

pose he should say then, "My dear sir, calm yourself. We cannot prohibit assault. We had a law on our books, but we found that assaults continued just the same. So we decided that the best way to regulate this business was to issue licenses. We permit only one highwayman to every 1000 inhabitants. I assure you that the matter is carefully regulated and kept within reasonable bounds by the police. Surely you would not have irresponsible and unregulated highwaymen on every street." I submit that the case is parallel. The saloon is an evil. Everybody admits it to be an evil. It is a public nuisance. It makes criminals, paupers, imbeciles; it corrupts politics, it pollutes the stream of social and industrial life. We know this. No one disputes it. It cannot wholly be stopped, therefore we say, "Let us license it." Why should we license this evil because we cannot wholly stop it, any more than any other evil? The law has never stopped arson wholly, but we do not turn licensed incendiaries loose upon a helpless community. We cannot safely license any evil. We must pass our laws against it, do our best to stop it, restrain it as far as possible and let it go at that. To license any evil whatsoever is a sin against the fundamental principles of society. It is a cowardly makeshift and some one must pay the price of the evasion.

In their alarm at the rapid spread of the temperance sentiment throughout the nation, the leaders in the liquor business have tried to make the saloon seem more respectable in the matter of the observance of the law. But they have not succeeded. You cannot by any possibility reform the saloon. You cannot make respectable an institution which caters to the lowest and vilest instincts of humanity. If the terror of the jungle, the gaunt, striped incarnation of sudden death, the man-eating tiger, should employ some one to paint on his lean and hungry side, "I am Mary's Little Lamb," would any one believe it? Would mothers send their children out to play with him? Would the people of the village bid him welcome to their streets? No more should we trust the saloon when it paints upon its seductive portals, "This is a respectable place of business." Will mothers send their growing boys there, because it advertises a false and lying respectability? Let us have done with such absurdity. Let the saloon stand for what it is in every community. Like the man-eating tiger, it feeds upon the flesh of its victims. It corrupts and destroys the young manhood of the city, it seduces women, it destroys the happiness of homes, it inflicts suffering upon innocent children, it makes righteousness in our city government impossible.

Do not say, I beg of you, that men have always been drunken and they always will. Do not say that the saloon has always existed and it always will. That is a pessimism unworthy of any Christian and unwarranted by the facts. There was a time when every town was unclean, when sewage ran in the streets and houses reeked with filth. There was a time when human life was not safe outside the walled cities. There was a time when the duel was the universal code of honor. There was a time when Christian people said that slavery could never be abolished.

The drink habit is a relic of barbarism. The saloon is an excrescence, a cancer in civilization which must be cut out and destroyed or it will destroy civilization itself. It is like an atrophied and diseased organ in the body, of no value and threatening danger perpetually. There can be no compromise in this matter. Sooner or later you must take sides. Let it be for the sacred cause of righteousness and purity and honor. I make the appeal to your consciences. There are matters in this world of God's, which we cannot decide on the basis of money or expediency. And this is the chief of them. The life of your boy, your daughter's honor, are they for sale at any price, in any market place? This is the supreme peril of modern life. The wolf, ravenous for his

prey, waits at the door of every newly-formed home. I appeal to you as Christians, both men and women, as you love your Lord and Master, as you are pledged to work for the salvation of the world, to work and pray unceasingly for the destruction of the most deadly foe of virtue and happiness, the curse of modern society, the open, legalized saloon.

IX

CIVIC RIGHTS AND CIVIC DUTIES

And whosoever will be chief among you let him be your servant, even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.—Matthew 20:27-28.

The Bible is a very gracious book. Seldom does it say "Thou shalt, thou shalt not." The word "must" occurs in only a few instances. But through it all runs the great appeal to the sense of responsibility and service. We are to serve, not because we are compelled to do so, not because we fear the lash of the taskmaster, but because there is no other way in which we can be worthy to be called the sons of God and enter into the glorious liberty which is the heritage of the sons of God. I wonder how any thoughtful person can imagine that he can live in the city and escape the operation of this law of service. What is a city? It is not merely an aggregation of warehouses and residences and public buildings. It is a living entity. It is humanity raised to the *nth* power. No one who has any sensibility at all, can live in a city without emotion, without a sense of its tragedy,

its mystery, its pain, and an ever-deepening sense of its divine possibilities for righteousness and power.

Unfortunately the emphasis of our modern times is too much upon civic rights and too little upon civic duties and responsibilities. Too often the citizen who pays no taxes, who contributes nothing to the common weal, the immigrant who has just landed from a foreign shore, are insistent in their demands of what they consider their rights in the community. The right of protection from lawlessness and fire, the right of free communication by the means of the city streets, the right of free education for any number of children, the right of a hundred privileges and conveniences, all these things the citizen has come to regard as his privilege without any return whatever. He does not consider for a moment that these things have cost something, that they represent the toil, the money, the self-sacrifice, the intelligent giving of personality. He simply accepts these things without any sense of gratitude or responsibility, as his inalienable right. He would be indignant if he were challenged by the city in this way: "I give you these privileges freely, but what are you going to give me in return?" But somebody has to give something. Civilization cannot exist except by perpetual giving, perpetual service, perpetual sacrifice. It is high

time that we talk less of civic rights and more of civic obligations.

We should teach the children in the public schools constantly, with the utmost emphasis, that we owe the city and the nation something in return for the inestimable rights and privileges which are conferred freely upon us. They should not come to think that the schools, the streets, the parks, yes, and even private property in the city, belong to them, and that freedom means license. They should be taught that these things have come by sacrifice, that somebody has paid the price for them. They should be taught to reverence and to love the city, to keep its streets clean and beautiful, to care for its property, to resolve that sometime they will partly repay in service the debt which a life of service would not fully repay. They should be taught the breadth and the splendor of the word "patriotism." They should be taught that it means not simply dying for the country, if the time should come to die, but that it means the infinitely harder duty of living for the country, of a constant energizing of self in service. I do not say that they are not so taught, but this teaching should be emphasized until civic patriotism becomes a passion, and the feeling that the privileges of the city are inalienable rights is lost in the eagerness to participate in civic duties.

One of the most dangerous tendencies of our times is the idea that we can substitute law and machinery for personal service. We must never forget that charters and legislation can never be substitutes for personality. The more complicated the civic machine, the more urgently are needed men of ability and character to manipulate it. Suppose by majority vote we should incorporate the Sermon on the Mount into our city charter, we should be tomorrow exactly where we are today. Until we have men who believe the Sermon on the Mount with all their souls and are ready to observe in their lives its last detail we shall make no real progress. There are miles of remedial legislation on our statute books which are merely waste paper. All this is trying to do by law what God requires us to do ourselves.

I look with the greatest concern upon the tendency to commercialize the government of our city. It sounds very plausible and reasonable at first thought. The city is nothing but a big business. Therefore, all we have to do is to hire a few experts, just as the manufacturer hires the heads of departments to run his business, and all the vexed problems of municipal government are solved. This conception of the city looks very sane until we come to analyze it. The city conducts certain forms of business, it is true, and such business should be managed

honestly and competently, but is the city itself a business? That I deny. The city is a spiritual entity; it has a soul. It may be righteous, it may be evil to the core, quite apart from the honest bookkeeping of its municipal affairs. What the Lord demanded in Sodom and Gomorrah was righteous men. He destroyed the cities of the plain because the souls of those cities were blasted by sin. They might have had an expert at the head of every city department, and still the city might not have had enough soul left to save. Nineveh was saved because it repented in sackcloth and ashes. The modern city needs repentance and righteousness very much more than it needs scientific management, though I do not say that it does not need that, too. We must not, however, confuse the two or think for a moment that they are identical. When you do that, you destroy the very fundamental idea of democracy, the principle of self-government, the participation in government by the people themselves.

Because I believe so profoundly that personal righteousness must be at the basis of all good government, I hold that the most important of all civic duties and responsibilities is the support of that civic institution out of which righteousness alone can proceed, the church. Men have come to regard the church in the same

light in which they regard other civic institutions, as a right and not as a duty. There are few people in any community who are actually hostile to the church. They may criticise it freely, usually without any accurate knowledge of what they criticise, but they recognize its value to the city and they accept complacently the service which it renders to them and to their children and to the community at large, without any sense of obligation in return. There are many even who were brought up in the church, who know in their hearts what it means to the city, who are aware of the unselfish service which it renders, who know that it is the only source of spiritual refreshment, the only barrier against the fierce tides of sin, who know all these things, but who are yet indifferent, who fail to do anything for its support. I realize how insistent, how seductive, are the claims of the world at the present time. I realize that it means a sacrifice to give up the Sunday outing, to rise in time to attend the service of the church, to give the money required for its support. To be sure, there have been times when men gave their lives in the arena, when they were burned at the stake for the church. These might be inclined to smile, as they wear their crowns of martyrdom, at the use of the word "sacrifice" to indicate the giving up of a day of pleasure or an hour of sleep. But we

will let that pass. We will admit that it is a great sacrifice today, amid the many calls of our modern life, to attend church and to support the church. Then I want to ask,— what of it? It will be a bitter day for the city, for humanity at large, when the word “sacrifice” is erased from our vocabulary. We cannot have anything worth while without making sacrifices for it. The man who is indifferent toward the Father’s house, who is tempted to substitute anything, I do not care what it is, for the church, will pay the penalty, as sure as there is a God in the heavens, and the city in which he lives will pay the penalty.

The civic crown which the poet wore in “In Memoriam” was a “crown of thorns.”

“I wander’d from the noisy town,
I found a wood with thorny boughs;
I took the thorns to bind my brows,
I wore them like a civic crown:

I met with scoffs, I met with scorns,
From youth and babe and hoary hairs:
They called me in the public squares
The fool that wears the crown of thorns:

They called me fool, they called me child:
I found an angel of the night;
The voice was low, the look was bright;
He looked upon my crown and smiled.”

We must learn again that without the crown of thorns there is no victory, without sacrifice there is no salvation. The huge bulk of the city, its masses of population, its smoking factories, all these are a source of weakness, unless the spirit of sacrifice pervades the whole.

When I think of the perils which threaten the city in our modern times I am not so concerned about the alien. The man I fear is the native-born, with his education and his refinement, with his wealth, earned by the sweat of the alien's brow and used to purchase all the apparatus of pleasure: the man who uses the Lord's day exclusively for his own enjoyment, who turns his back upon the church which his fathers toiled and sacrificed to give to the community; who treats his obligations, civic and religious, with indifference and contempt. He is the man to fear in our civilization. Upon him will rest the punishment which the Lord God will visit upon our modern cities. He will pay the price, and he will pay it to the last drop of blood.

Again, on the personal side, the indifference of the rich to civic duties, the selfish exercise of personal rights, the gratification of the senses in extravagance and luxury is one of the most menacing perils of our modern times. What is the cause of the restlessness of labor, what is the cause of the deep-rooted hostility between the classes? What is the cause of the

ominous outbreaks between capital and labor? It is not simply that men are obliged to work. The normal man is only too glad to work and to work hard for his daily bread. The average man does not envy the rich. The trouble comes through the enormous and reckless waste of the rich in extravagant living. What grinds the poor is the expenditure of the surplus earned by labor for useless luxury in the very face of a desperate and starving people. At a banquet in London recently, sterlets, a kind of small sturgeon, were served. These fish were brought alive from Russia, and dropped alive into the frying pan after the custom of the fine restaurants of Moscow. They cost the giver of the feast \$200 apiece, and the entire cost of the banquet was not less than \$10,000. At about the same time a poor beggar had thrown himself into the Thames within sight of the great restaurants. Another of the Embankment wretches had been a witness of the tragedy. The following story came out in the examination of the man:

“His name was Sutherland, and he called himself a ‘general laborer.’ He said he lived on the Embankment: he slept there because he had no money to pay for lodgings or food. ‘Supposing it is cold?’ they asked him. He said he had to put up with that. ‘How do you get on for food?’

was the coroner's question. Sutherland answered, 'I have to trust to Providence for that. If I can't get it I have to go without.' He added that he had been out of work for several weeks. Then he told the story about the drowned man, Honeyball. At about a quarter to three in the morning Honeyball came and sat next to him on a seat on the Embankment, and complained that he had had much trouble, and nothing whatever to eat on the previous day, and was very hungry. Sutherland knew something about hunger, and — perhaps with an expert's contempt — observed, 'Is that the only day you have been without tommy? What about me? I have had none since Wednesday.' Wednesday was four days past, and it was true Sutherland had eaten nothing for these four days, because he could not get anything to eat. Honeyball said that, anyhow, he was getting tired of it, and should not put up with it much longer. He would make a clean job and finish it. Sutherland, with whom misery was commonplace, told him not to talk nonsense; but Honeyball rose from his seat and walked towards the steps of the Temple Pier. Just at that moment a miserable woman who was sitting dozing on one of the seats was taken ill, and Sutherland went over to her. Then he walked towards the steps, and saw Honeyball throw up his arms and take a header into the river and disappear. He gave the alarm. Honeyball was eventually taken out dead. At half past five Sutherland went once more in search of work. For his class, he was a respectable man."

I myself have seen these hideous wretches from the Embankment come up to the Strand in the morning to search the cans of refuse awaiting removal on the sidewalk for a morsel of food. It is indifference to this awful condition of life in a great, proud, Christian capital which makes the trouble. And there will be increasing trouble until the rich come to their senses and realize that citizenship imposes duties and responsibilities, the evasion of which is a crime against God and humanity. The right to reckless extravagance may be recognized today under the law of democracy, but the man who exercises that right in a spirit of insolent disregard for the sufferings of his fellow-men, is digging the pit which will destroy him and his class.

I am not pessimistic in regard to the future. I believe that the time is not far distant when thousands who are now indifferent to civic and spiritual duty will realize to the full their responsibility. The Church will not stand simply upon the defensive. It will take the offensive against those ancient evils, the saloon and the brothel, which men have come to regard through tradition and evil custom as possessing civic rights. We shall learn in time that nothing which makes for evil in the community, nothing which exercises a corrupting and demoral-

izing influence, has any rights which the community as a whole is bound to respect.

There is one mistaken idea against which we must constantly guard. We must cease to underestimate the power and importance of the individual in civic affairs. Every year great opportunities are lost, great reforms go down to defeat, because individuals say in discouragement, "I can do nothing personally. My vote or my influence does not count." The aggregate of those who, in indifference and in discouragement, do not even exercise the franchise is always sufficient to win any contest for the cause of civic righteousness. Let us not be discouraged because progress seems to be slow. That is not the spirit of the great law of service and freedom. Every act of real service rendered, whether it be to the beggar in the street, or whether it be a blow struck valiantly against some ancient wrong, leads up to the final triumph. Let us work then, patiently and bravely, in the spirit of that fine poem of Sill's, "The Reformer."

"Before the monstrous wrong he sits him down,
One man against a stone-walled city of sin.
For centuries those walls have been a-building;
Smooth porphyry they slope, and coldly glass
The flying storm and wheeling sun.
No chink, no crevice lets the thinnest arrow in.

He fights alone, and from the cloudy ramparts
A thousand evil faces grin and jeer at him.
Let him lie down and die: What is the right,
And where is justice, in a world like this?
But by and by earth shakes herself impatient,
And down in one great roar of ruin, crash
Watch-tower and citadel and battlements.
When the red dust has cleared, the lonely soldier
Stands with strange thoughts beneath the friendly
stars."

X

THE FOLLIES OF CIVIC ADOLESCENCE

A young man void of understanding.—Proverbs 7:7.

The period of growth which we call adolescence is one which is peculiarly subject to temptation and folly. As the author of Proverbs puts it, many young men at this period are "void of understanding." They are lacking in judgment and common-sense. They do and say silly things. They despise the wise counsel of their elders. Evil at this time has a peculiar glamour and attractiveness. The virtues seem old-fashioned and slow. To be "tough," to go in fast company, to drink a little, to be profane, to commit the common vices, seems to them the essence of manliness. I need not say that this is an age of peculiar peril. Many a life is ruined just at this point. It is true that many "sow their wild oats" and settle down into sober and successful men. But they must pay the price. The price is an inherent physical and moral weakness which is always a handicap, which brings suffering and sorrow to others as well as to themselves, and which is often the

sad legacy which is handed down to children and to children's children.

I think we may draw a very close analogy between this critical period in the life of the individual and a similar period in the life of the community. There are hundreds of communities in our country which are passing through the critical stage of adolescence today. It is characteristic, indeed, of the majority of our American cities. The great prosperity of the country has resulted in sudden and unprecedented growth. The towns are becoming cities, and the smaller cities are very rapidly becoming larger cities. The readjustments which must be made in the social as well as in the individual organism bring in their train peculiar and subtle perils. The city is growing up. It is not so many years ago that it had the atmosphere, the consciousness, the propriety of the old-fashioned village. Those were days of comparative innocence, of careful restraint, of moral observance. We cannot keep our communities in this stage. We do not want to keep them there. The village had its peculiar disadvantages, its provincialism, its petty vices, just as childhood has its own limitations and vices. Growth is a healthy sign, a sign of life and power. We rejoice in the vigorous expansion of the life of the community, but we must not be blind to the perils of growth.

There is danger in a lack of civic consciousness and pride. Many of the individual faults of the "young man void of understanding" come from a lack of personal dignity. He is almost a man, but he does not put aside childish things. He has no vision of the opportunities and responsibilities of manhood. He does foolish things, not so much because his heart is evil, as because he has no sobering sense of what life means. So it is with the communal life of many a growing city. It has no sense of civic responsibility, no broad vision of what a great city should be. It is absorbed in trivial things. It often takes its own government as a joke. It does not consider wisely the needs of the growing community and plan for the distant future. It commits many of the follies of the youth "devoid of understanding." Its policy is not statesmanlike and broad. It considers the claims not of the many but of the few. It "takes care" of its friends, while the larger public suffers. It works along lines of personal interests. Those who "stand in with the machine" receive favors while great public improvements are neglected. It permits, for example, the public streets to be torn up constantly by private companies who inconvenience the public and offer nothing in return. The city gives away the most valuable franchises without restrictions, and then its citizens go

into paroxysms of wholly unavailing rage because they are herded into street cars like cattle and subjected to all kinds of inconveniences and extortions. This is the characteristic improvidence of adolescence. We smile in our superior wisdom at the naïve confidence of the young man Moses in the "Vicar of Wakefield," who exchanged his horse for a gross of green spectacles, but his verdant and childlike innocence was as nothing compared with the unsophisticated confidence shown by our adolescent cities in parting with priceless rights and privileges without any compensation whatever. When we utter our vain, childish complaints we are simply informed of the exceeding value of patience as a virtue, coupled with an exhortation to "step lively."

The city commits, like the young man "void of understanding," gross offenses against health, and, like him, it pays the inevitable penalty. We allow unscrupulous men to build disease-breeding tenements and then by private charity we attempt to save the victims of tuberculosis. We spend immense sums of money for water supplies and then permit the nearest farm house to pollute the supply with the deadly germs of typhoid fever. Like the prodigal young man, the city spends its money lavishly, but not wisely. We underpay our most important and indispensable public servants, the

teachers of our schools, and allow millions to slip through our fingers into the clutches of greedy and unscrupulous grafters. All these are sins of youth. They bear a striking resemblance to the faults of the adolescent, "the young man void of understanding." Very much of the striking failure of our modern city life comes, not from conscious wrong-doing, but from the indifference, the lack of responsibility, which is characteristic of youth.

The city solicitor of Haverhill, Massachusetts, in recounting the striking success of the commission plan of government, the great saving of the city's money under the new régime, makes this statement: "You will ask, 'How did this happen? Did you have a crowd of grafters who were robbing you?' I have never seen anything which I could actually put my finger on in the way of stealing. It was not stolen, it just went, just as any man's money will leak out of his business, and he will assign, if he does not attend to his business or if he has no sort of business management." This describes exactly the average city government in America; and it is exactly the fault of a lazy, good-natured, spendthrift youth. Give him money and it goes. He does not know exactly where — he just spends it. That is what we have done in our American city governments. We have put them into the hands of the ma-

chine. And the machine has stood usually, where it has not been actually bad and vicious, for good-natured, shiftless incompetence. "Well," some one may say, "what of it? What has all this to do with the church, with religion?" It has this to do with it. God has laid upon us the responsibility of the city, just as he lays upon the father and the mother the responsibility for the growing child. These things of which I have spoken are immoral. It is just as wrong for a community to sin as for an individual to sin. You would not be indifferent if you had a boy "devoid of understanding," who was growing up to be a great, idle, dissolute, vicious, spendthrift character. You know that the habits of youth become fixed in manhood. You would get down on your knees and pray most fervently to God for the salvation of that child. Did it ever occur to you to pray as earnestly for the salvation of your city? Habit tends to become fixed in municipal life as well as in individual life. It is almost impossible to throw off the incubus of bad government. There is nothing so hard as to clean up the morals of a city after it has grown up in the habit of evil doing. By a strange kind of perverted psychology, evil comes to seem good, or at least better than any attempt at change. We have always had the saloons, for example, and many good men come

to think that therefore we must always have them. It is a bad habit fixed by immemorial custom on the community, as the "old man of the sea" was fixed upon the back of Sinbad, until at last we grow resigned and think it inevitable. That is why this period in the life of every city is so tremendously important. We are forming our municipal habits. The danger is everywhere that we shall form vicious, careless, extravagant, inartistic, unbusinesslike habits. Our mistakes are perpetuated. If you commit an architectural sin in building a public building your folly is monumental and lasting. It stares at you and rebukes you whenever you see it. It is a false and jarring note, and worse than that, it is a perpetual lesson in bad taste to the whole community. So it is with all forms of municipal evil. Dishonesty, carelessness, extravagance, graft, in public life perpetuate themselves. They are a moral lesson which the young men are not slow to learn; they breed the same sins in business and private life. Municipal dishonesty and immorality are blows at the Church and at Christianity.

I have tried to show that there is in our young and growing cities a great danger from a lack of civic consciousness and pride. There is no conscious civic dignity, no striving toward the highest ideals of civic worth. The city blunders along, like a "youth devoid of understand-

ing," making its government a jest, spending its money foolishly, sinning against the great fundamental commandments which underlie individual and public morality.

In every growing community there is danger which comes from another source, a lack of moral consciousness, a lowering of the standards of righteousness and honor on the individual and social sides of life. In every community which outgrows the village life there comes into being a "fast set." These people have inherited, or acquired suddenly, great wealth. Go back a generation or so and you find, perhaps, some immigrant grandfather working in a corner grocery or in a little tannery or grog shop, a man who by patient and unremitting industry laid the foundation of the fortunes which these people now enjoy. They proceed to form themselves into a near-aristocracy, a sham, veneered nobility, an exclusive, snobbish, imitation of society. This sham society in its general characteristics resembles strikingly the youth "devoid of understanding." It possesses all the faults and none of the virtues of adolescence. It sneers at the church and all for which the church stands. It despises the old-fashioned virtues of industry, sobriety, temperance. This class is very effectively characterized by one of the most brilliant of English

authoresses, as it appears when it crosses the Atlantic and disports itself on British soil.

Marie Corelli says:

“In Warwickshire where I reside, and in the neighboring counties around, I could name certain Americans who, if they are not hunting or horse racing, are gambling at bridge all day — who are vulgar, illiterate and arrogant, and who have not the slightest intelligent perception of anything under the sun. They measure the world and God himself by a money standard only, and assert by their looks and manners their fixed belief that they can buy honor itself for so much cash down. Again, in smart society, as it is euphoni- ously called, one comes across wealthy American women who comport themselves with less consideration and tact than domestic servants, whose neglect of the simplest rules of courtesy is so colossal that one blushes for their ignorance. I do not like this sort of people, whether they be Americans or British, and I say so at once with frankness and emphasis.”

That this class of people does exist and is an increasing class in all our growing American cities no one can doubt. If these people simply went their own way, gambled and dissipated away their own money, and finally landed as most of them ultimately do, in the divorce court and the court of bankrupts, we might let them

alone and quietly go our own way to our simple forms of pleasure and our antiquated ideas of morality. Unfortunately, however, these people form an important and aggressive part of our civic society. They taint the air. They corrupt the youth. Their vicious and extravagant habits, like all bad habits, tend to become fixed in our civic life. It is astonishing to find how many people are led away, if not actually into this class, at least into an imitation of their vices and bad manners. There are many foolish women of good family and good breeding who are fascinated by this kind of fast life and are drawn into it as the moth is drawn into the flame of the candle. This class sets up for the community a standard of extravagance in living which is wholly false and pernicious. The old community ideals of righteousness and economy and sobriety and Sabbath-keeping break down under the attack. Young men with small salaries are led into all sorts of dishonesty in order to "keep up with the procession." Men and women a few years ago could enjoy simple things, they took their pleasures simply, they read books, they had some higher thoughts and aspirations. All this is now voted slow. The church suffers, because the last thing which this set desires to think about is their own souls and the approaching judgment. The sins of this class are the sins of the

“youth devoid of understanding.” They burn the candle at both ends. They mistake a cheap and tawdry pleasure for life and its great concerns. They squander their God-given resources in physical and spiritual dissipation. What would an entire community be like if dominated by these false and dangerous standards of life? Would you want to live in such a community? Would you want your children to grow up in it? You could not live in it long, because it would suffer the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah. It would be blasted and shrivelled by the fires of its own evil passions. Do you want these standards to dominate and control the life of the community in which you live? Then see to it that you take every opportunity to repudiate them. See to it that you are not in any way yourself deceived and tempted by them. See to it that your growing children are brought up upon the old-fashioned virtues of industry and sobriety and the fear of God. The intelligent, respectable Christian people of every community have a great responsibility in this matter. If the city is to be saved from the follies and indiscretions and depravity of a “youth devoid of understanding,” then see to it, men and women, that you keep yourselves clean and near to God. Then see to it that your ideals, and not base and destructive tendencies prevail. We are to ask ourselves this ques-

tion: Has the spiritual and intellectual growth of our city, its growth in moral worth, in the things which abide, been commensurate with its growth in population and in wealth? It does not take the keenness of the prophet to discern certain undesirable tendencies which are creeping into our political life. Let us beware how we despise the virtues, the honesty, the incorruptibility, the simplicity, of the days which are past. You cannot build permanent success upon any other foundation than civic dignity and responsibility and morality. What is a desirable growth for a city? Is it not that it may be a place of safety, where the sanctity of the home is maintained, a place wherein children may grow, aided by educators, stimulated by high ideals, to full and gracious and beautiful maturity, a place in which wealth and power serve the great causes of religion and morality, a place where the people are happy and industrious and prosperous, a place where poverty is without a sting and wealth devoid of ostentation, a place where there is no aristocracy save the aristocracy of worth, a place in which men love God and follow in the footsteps of his Son Jesus Christ, a community which grows nobly, proudly, consciously toward the high ideals of righteousness and faith? If that is your idea of what a city ought to be, then say so, and say

so with emphasis. If that is your idea, see that citizens who are worthy are elected to municipal office, that the business of the city may be conducted upon a high plane of service for all and not for a few. If that is your idea pray to Almighty God that he will save your city from the sins of youth and direct in the ways of righteousness and faith, and honor and service.

XI

A RIGHTEOUS MACHINE

And he said, "Oh let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak but this once. Peradventure ten shall be found there." And he said, "I will not destroy it for ten."—Genesis 18:32.

Ten good men would have saved the city of Sodom from destruction. Ten righteous souls would have been leaven enough to have redeemed the whole great evil mass from the threatening doom. This story should be at once a warning and an inspiration. We are always underestimating the power and influence of the righteous minority. We forget that God often uses the most insignificant agencies to accomplish his great ends. The sneer of the pessimist, as old as Tacitus, echoed by Napoleon, "God is on the side of the heaviest battalions," has been proved false over and over again in history. God is on the side of the right, and if the wrong triumphs momentarily, its coming doom is written in heaven and God uses what seem to be the weakest and frailest instruments to bring about its ruin. The man who fights alone, the

man with his back against the wall, with right on his side, is the man who makes history. David and his shepherd's sling, the handful of heroes at Thermopylæ, Luther at Worms, Thomas à Becket — his blood staining the floor of Canterbury,— Joan of Arc, Garrison in his little printing office; yes, and the Man of Nazareth with his crown of thorns and his nail-pierced hands, such are the despised and humble agencies God uses to redeem the world from its selfishness and lead the van of freedom. God calls for the ten righteous men, the valiant, undaunted, righteous minority, and with them he will redeem and regenerate any community. This is the essential fact which we do not understand. The most discouraging thing about all attempts at social and religious reform is the apathy of the good men of the community. For, mark you, the ten men whom God will use must be valiant souls, not petty creatures; not dead men; not a lot of frightened and silly sheep; not men so timid and conservative that they dare not say that their souls are their own.

In every community there are not only ten men, but actually a majority of righteous men, but they are so used to being dominated and overpowered by less scrupulous but more courageous men that they count for nothing. What is the attitude of the average man in our

American cities toward civic affairs? His attitude is an apathy, an indifference which is absolutely appalling. If the Lord should come to him and say, "Are you a righteous man? Will you be one of ten to stand for the best things in your community, to strike a blow for purity and honor?" he would say—"Well, really, you must excuse me. I am so busy, and it is all cut and dried. It's no use for me to go to the caucus, and I am so busy, really what is the use? Good-day." Would the Lord count him among the ten? I think not. This is the attitude of the average man, too busy, or too indifferent, or too discouraged, or too lazy to take any part in the government of his own city. Why is interest essential? Because we live in a democracy, because our cities are great families, and they are good or bad as the people make them. Because every man is equally responsible before God for the government of his city. If we are to have righteous cities, there is no method under heaven by which that end may be attained except by the earnest efforts of consecrated and devoted men. What makes a successful business? The energy, the courage, the faith, the hard work, which men put into it. If a man came down to his office only once a month, if he said, "What is the use in trying to sell goods anyhow, the other fellow sells more than I do!" how long would his busi-

ness last? How much success would he win? It is the man who stays on the job, who is just as interested and enthusiastic at five o'clock in the afternoon as at eight o'clock in the morning, who neglects no detail of organization, who takes an interest in every employee; — that is the business man who succeeds.

Now in the city we have a great business, great not only in the economic and commercial aspects, but in its social and moral aspects also. A tremendous social force resides in the city, a force which may destroy life or redeem it. It may, like Sodom, grow so evil, so corrupt, so utterly irremediably bad and vicious that it is finally destroyed in the flames of wrath which its own wickedness has engendered, or it may be the glorious city of God, instinct with power, splendid in service, developing grandly the lives of all its children, shielding them from evil, educating them in all good things, ministering to the sense of beauty, stimulating the best and highest powers, shining like a beacon from its hill top, the joy and inspiration of the whole earth. Such was Jerusalem before it crucified on its accursed hill the Redeemer of all the earth, such was Venice before it was corrupted and weakened by wealth and commercial prosperity, such was Florence before it burned its prophets and exiled its immortal genius, such was Rome before civic depravity and unspeakable wicked-

ness corrupted its ancient virtue and destroyed the courage of its iron legions.

How hard it is for us to understand that the responsibility rests upon us for the great issues of civic life or death. As never before in history the destiny of the city is in the hands of its average citizen. How does he meet this obligation? He is often not interested enough in his own city and in its important affairs even to vote. I was told of a young man, a graduate of our high school, a member of one of our best families, who, when asked to register, replied that he would not take the trouble to register and vote if his own brother were running for office. That man is a traitor to the best interests of his city and of the republic. He ought to be subjected to fine and imprisonment. But the excuse is offered again, "What is the use, when we are always beaten?" My answer is, I would go to the caucus and to the polls and cast my vote for what I believe to be the best interests of the community, if I were a minority of one and all the rest of the city stood against me.

The average man, the good man of the community claims that he stays away from caucuses because they are manipulated, because some one has cut and dried the action in advance. This is simply an admission that the enemies of good government are wiser and more

enterprising than the children of light. We talk with righteous indignation about the evil of machine politics. What we should denounce is not the machine but the type of men who use it. What is a machine? Simply an instrument by means of which men of vigor and ability get things done. There is nothing wrong in that. There is very much of good. God wants things done, and he uses the great machinery of the universe to get them done. There is no piety in sitting down and waiting because things are not as they should be. There is no virtue in simply denouncing machine politicians because they are more capable and determined and efficient than we are. How do they accomplish their ends? By efficient organization. There is no patent on organization. Why not organize the forces of righteousness as effectively as the forces of evil are organized? Why not have a righteous machine? And just as good a machine as the unrighteous possess. It simply means consecrated energy. It means the doing, without money or hope of reward, the same things which the practical politician does with the material reward in view. If righteous men are unwilling to do that, if they are so determined upon apathy and indifference that they will give no time or money, nor deny themselves leisure and amusement for the cause of righteousness in civic affairs, why let us say so, and

turn the city over to our masters, the selfish and ambitious men who are willing to put in the time and the energy. It must be made a matter of patriotism. Are we such degenerate sons of the men who gave their blood freely that the nation might live that we are unwilling to do anything today? It must be made a matter of religious conviction and faith. What higher cause can there be than the growth of the community in righteousness and honor and power? We pass away, but the city lives on, bearing the name we give it, of honor or of shame. The fate of the generations is bound up in it. The great experiment of human destiny is being tried here. Can a Christian civilization survive? Is it possible for the forces of honor and sacrifice and brotherliness to conquer the force of selfishness and good? It is Christ against the brute. It is evolution against the pull of the beast. But what, practically, can be done? The average man may admit, he probably does admit, all this, the importance of the issues, the gravity of the situation, but still he asks forlornly, "How can I do anything?" He is still oppressed by the sense of helplessness, he is alone against a subtle, powerful, organized foe. The obvious reply, it seems to me again, is, organize. Would it be impossible to find a few, the scriptural ten, let us say, in each precinct of the city, who would get together, ear-

nest, single-hearted, loyal Christian men from all the churches, who should form a good government club, and work together, for the welfare of the city? Nothing of any importance is accomplished in this world without organization. Business is organized. What sort of a factory would it be in which every man should work without direction, on his own initiative? How long could a railroad be managed without the coördination of every part to the whole? Religion is organized. The first thing Jesus Christ did was to organize his work. He formed at once an organization of men for the service of his kingdom. How many victories would an army win if there were no organization into companies and regiments? The reason for the failure of good men who are interested in civic righteousness is perfectly plain. Each man has simply thought and acted on his own initiative. The great current of righteous feeling, of Christian sentiment, has been diverted into a thousand feeble trickling rills, instead of rolling on in one stream, an irresistible force. It is no wonder good men feel discouraged. To go to the caucus or to the polls without organization is like fighting a battle in the fog without sight of one's comrades. You love your city. You wish it well governed. You know that your neighbor has similar sentiments. But there is no driving power behind this senti-

ment. It is like an intangible, delicate perfume. But what you want is driving power, the strength of the 10,000 horse power engine.

What would such a good government club do? It would, first of all, inform itself accurately in regard to all civic problems. The city is the business of the citizens, but how many know with anything like the accuracy with which they know their own business, the affairs of the city, its financial status, the details of its government, the character of the men in authority? How many citizens have read the city charter, and know what powers it grants, and what it withholds? How many have formed an opinion upon the commission plan of government or even know what it is? You are an equal partner in a great business and it is your duty to know accurately the details of that business. Again, such a club could say to existing parties, "You must nominate for office only those men whose character is above reproach, whose ability is unquestioned, who will administer the affairs of the city strictly for the public good. We will use all the influence we possess to see such men nominated and elected and we will oppose any man unfit for office with all our strength, regardless of party. The motive power of such an organization would be personal interest in good government, patriotism, and if men can be found in times of stress to die for

the country, I do not see why in times of peace, men cannot be found who will live and work for their country.

It all resolves itself ultimately into a question of consecrated personality. The American citizen is absorbed in his business, he is pushing his own interests. He has not yet reached an understanding of what the city really is and what it demands. He cannot understand that his obligation is any broader than his own home or his own club or his own business office. In the old days the burghers were drawn together by a sense of common danger. The city walls shut the citizen in, and he knew that the time might come when every man would be needed on the walls, when famine and plague and the desperate assaults of the foe would call for the last reserves of courage and loyalty and faith. In the Middle Ages civic consciousness and pride drew the citizens together and found expression in those glorious monuments of Gothic architecture which were built by the labor of every citizen, upon whose growing walls men and women alike toiled, and whose heaven-reaching spires symbolized the faith and aspiration of the whole community. What will draw the citizens of the modern city together with a common purpose? What but a deepening religious consciousness and a higher loyalty to Jesus, the leader of humanity?

Every day the problems of civilization increase in complexity. It is coming to be an impossibility to live for one's self alone. A thousand common interests draw men together. We cannot live in the city of the future unless we are prepared to recognize and meet our responsibility. Many cities are turning hopefully to the commission plan of government. But the solution of difficulties is not to be found in the laws of economics nor in schemes of government, but in consecrated, Christ-filled lives. The giving to the city of what is most valuable, personality, that is the demand. The merging of self in the larger good. A service like that which was given to the city of New York, steadily, faithfully, without ostentation, by such a man as Richard Watson Gilder.

“ Heart of a hero in a poet's frame,
Soul of a soldier in a body frail,—
Thine was the courage clear that did not quail,
Before the giant Champions of Shame,
Who wrought dishonor to the city's name:
And thine the vision of the Holy Grail,
Of love revealed through music's lucid veil,
Filling thy life with song and heavenly flame.
Pure was the light that lit thy glowing eye,
Strong was the faith that held thy simple creed,
Thou leavest two great gifts that will not die —
Amid the city's noise, thy lyric cry!
Amid the city's strife, thy noble deed!”

Such is the responsibility of the average man, amid the cares of business, the exacting routine of professional life! To recognize the claims of brotherhood, to accept all men, high or low, as sharers in the city's life, to take up the burden of participation in the government of the city, to energize constantly for the enlightenment and betterment of the city. The doing of it, finally, with the highest and most unselfish ends in view. This is the task before the average man. And such men working together, filled with faith and courage, God will use for the undoing of evil, for the coming triumph of righteousness and love.

XII

THE CITY OF FRIENDS

I have called you friends.— John 15:15.

“I dreamed that I saw a new City of Friends.” So sang Whitman, the modern poet of Democracy. It was a splendid dream, but you must go back for its inspiration to another dreamer of great dreams and splendid visions, Jesus of Nazareth. You must go back to the quiet of that upper chamber at Jerusalem in which Jesus had gathered his disciples for the last time. “I have called you friends.” Out of the silence came the steady voice of the Master. “No longer servants.” “I have called you friends.” The words were revolutionary. They struck a new note in human destiny. They enunciated for the first time in history the principle that apparently radical differences in human temperament and character are subordinate to what is common in the heritage of humanity. The fatherhood of God does not make men equal, but it does make them of one blood, it is the unifying principle which binds

them together as a race. Mightier than all differences, stronger than all prejudices and distinctions, is the bond which unites men as sons of a common father, which imposes an obligation of mutual understanding and sympathy. Jesus had no desire to reduce men to a dead level of uniformity. No one knew better than he the heights and the depths of human character, that wide range of diversity of gifts, which adds immeasurably to the significance of life. He taught that the gifts of each were to be used for the redemption and development of all. Life is to be lived not on a basis of hostility and suspicion and competition, but on a basis of mutual understanding, of coöperation, of service and friendship. This is the great gospel of friendship which circled the world with light, that men are to be friends, that the ancient barriers of hatred, the old divisions of class and sect, the old distinction of Jew and Gentile, bond and free, are to be broken down and the human race, the whole world over, is to be united in the holy bonds of friendship. This is the essence of his gospel and he sealed it with his blood. He, the highest of the race, its consummate flower, he the divine master of men, died that he might demonstrate his everlasting friendship for the lowest and meanest.

“The friend of sinners, yes ’tis he
With garments dyed on Calvary.”

A city of friends! It reveals the keenness and the daring of the poet's vision, that he should apply this principle of Jesus to the city. The practical man will say at once, "Oh, no! In the country, in the village, perhaps, where life moves leisurely and calmly like the slow river between the meadow banks, friendship on a general scale, acquaintance, at least, may be possible. But not in that maelstrom of life, the city. Not in the city with its myriads of people, stung to incessant action by the lash of necessity; not in the city with its bitter competition, where the moments are precious and time means bread for hungry mouths; not in the city where the very streets cry 'haste,' and men are keyed to the highest tension which the straining nerves can bear. A city of friends? That is impossible. The city is splendid but it is cruel. No, it is a beautiful dream, but it cannot be." And yet I dare to say, in the name of Him who died for the city, without the city walls, that it must be and shall be. A City of Friends! It is based upon the Master's definition of life. It is the ultimate definition. You cannot add to it nor subtract from it, and it is universally applicable. You cannot apply it in the country and not in the city. The city is life at its highest point of development, life at full flood, life in its supreme expression. The city then is the final test of civilization

and Christianity. The city must become the City of Friends; it must attain to this ideal of the Master's promise and the poet's dream, or life itself is a failure.

Let us define what we mean by the new City of Friends. We do not mean that every individual, even in the most superficial sense, can know every other individual and establish relations of personal intimacy. That would be neither possible nor desirable. It is impossible to reproduce the social conditions of a village in a great city. What must be done first of all is to change the attitude of the people of the city toward the city itself, from indifference and selfishness, to interest and friendliness. We must create the atmosphere of friendliness, of conscious participation in the city's life. This is needed beyond all things else in our American cities today. Our cities have no self-consciousness, no civic pride. The average citizen regards his city simply as a convenient place to eat and sleep and do business. He has considered it not in relation to his fellowmen, to his neighbors, but solely as it has affected his own interests. He has used the city as a workman uses a tool and then flings it down. He has not even interested himself enough to vote, when the city has summoned him to the most sacred duty of citizenship. He has too often calmly permitted the worst, the most selfish men in

the city to govern it, to exploit its resources, to mismanage its schools, to monopolize its franchises, and he has grumbled only when these modern bandits have held him up and forced him to pay tribute. He would even rather pay tribute than to go to the trouble of taking any active and efficient part in the management of the community. He has felt no sense of obligation and responsibility. The conception of a city as an entity, a personality, a city of friends, a brotherhood, fulfilling a great destiny in the earth, working splendidly toward the realization of the great ends of civilization, fulfilling the commands of Jesus, realizing the purposes of God, this apparently has never entered his head.

We must destroy, root and branch, this utterly unsocial and unchristian conception of the city. It is a positively immoral conception. It is a denial of a divinely imposed responsibility. We must cease to think of the city in terms of brick and mortar, of yards of cloth and tons of steel. We must think of it instead in terms of flesh and blood, of immortal souls. Let us have improved machinery by all means for our city government, but we shall be bitterly disappointed if we expect any decisive results from changes in the form of government alone. The human factor is the decisive factor. You must have men who are vitally interested

in the city, men who regard life as a divine thing, who listen to the beating of the city's mighty heart, who are sensitive to every phase of its mysterious being. We must go back to mediæval days for examples of such a passionate love and devotion to the city. We must go back to the days when, in the cities of France — Chartres, Amiens, Rouen — the great cathedrals were built, which stand, in the words of an old writer, "like royal standards of victory." Who built these glorious structures? Not the church, not the ecclesiastics, but the people. Men and women harnessed themselves into the carts which drew the stones. They worked in storm and sunshine on the rising walls, in order that the complete structure might fitly witness to the city's pride and the city's worth.

The modern city of friends must have the same self-consciousness, the same civic pride, the same passion for expression in service, but we want it not as a desire for beautiful buildings alone, but for the development in the city of a beautiful and symmetrical and holy living. We want the life of every man and woman built into a city of righteousness, a city of friends, invincible and splendid. In the new city of friends, all false distinctions of class and wealth must disappear, but new and finer distinctions will arise. There will be no aristocracy of

wealth and pride and ostentation, but there will be a new aristocracy of worth, of service. The men who will be most highly honored will be those who have done the most faithful service. The men who will wear the badge of civic honor will be those who meet the highest test of friendship, which is not to be ministered unto, but to minister. But amid all distinctions, there must run the spirit of consideration and thoughtfulness and courtesy. This spirit must be developed between the buyer of goods in the stores and the seller, the teacher and the pupil, the railroad employee and the traveling public, the business man and his subordinates, the native born and the alien. We see this spirit already in the movement against the sweatshop, the early buying of Christmas gifts, the broadening of the spirit of Christian sympathy toward the alien. This must go on until all the old hateful conditions are overcome by the forces of Christian friendship and love.

There are some definite things which the city of friends will do when it has attained self-consciousness, when it has aroused the devotion and pride of the best citizenship. For one thing, I believe that the city of friends will make an effectual protest against war. The city has always borne the heaviest burdens and experienced the keenest sorrow in times of war. Famine and pestilence and massacre have desolated

its streets and destroyed its people. We of the great republic of the West like to repeat in our superior virtue the quartrain of the poet,

“God said, ‘I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more.
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.’”

But let me tell you that God is not half so tired of kings as He is of war. It is nineteen hundred years since His Son, the Prince of Peace, was born, and still the Christian nations stand with harness on, girded for battle, and still the red ensigns of defiance fly from constantly augmenting hostile fleets, and still the morning brings to the ear of God the cry of the poor, upon whom falls the burden of all this useless armament. The time will come when the cities will say, Not one penny more shall be spent for war or for the preparation for war in a Christian land. We need it all for the education of our children, for the amelioration of conditions of poverty and sickness, for the advancement of science, for the spread of the gospel of peace. When the city says that, war will cease, for the city furnishes the wealth which builds the fleets and maintains the armies, it furnishes the men whose lives are sacrificed in battle, and it furnishes the widows and orphans who must be supported at the public

charge. When the cities say, We are cities of friends, and, more than that, the people of all the cities of all the earth are our friends and brothers, and never again will we slay our friends and our brothers in battle, then the Kingdom of God will dawn upon an earth weary of slaughter. When that time comes there will be a marvellous expansion of all the activities of life in cities. Released from the haunting fear of war, enriched by the gains of unbroken peace, men will go forward to new and undreamed of triumphs in art and science.

There will be a new and a broader theory of education in the City of Friends. Necessarily under the present conditions we must educate hastily and en masse. There is an imperative demand that the child shall be fitted as soon as possible to earn a livelihood. Thousands of children must leave the school with only a hurried and an incomplete preparation. The new conception of a city of friends will entirely change our point of view. The city will not hesitate to provide any sum of money, any teaching force necessary to carry out the broadest possible conception of education, which is the complete training of every individual for the highest service, in accordance with personal inclination and capacity. The city will approach every child born within its circumference as a child of God, and it will try

by individual attention to discover what God intended that child to be and to do. Then, regardless of time and expense, it will give that child the fullest possible training, not for selfish gratification, not simply for money making, but for the highest service to society, the most efficient performance of the individual task. This may be a dream, but it is based upon the dream of Jesus and the dream of the poet. The conception of friendship means to the highest degree obligation. If the city has any obligation to the child, it has a complete obligation. This obligation implies an understanding of character and needs, a service which is not fragmentary, but perfect and entire.

The child must also be taught its obligations to the city, to society. Friendship is a mutual obligation. It implies giving as well as receiving. Friendship is not a charity to be bestowed patronizingly upon the weak. The child even now, in our schools must not be allowed to suppose that he is being educated at the public expense without obligation on his part. He should be taught with the strongest emphasis that he has received freely and he must give freely. He is the city's ward. The city is training him not because he so richly deserves the favor, but because the city needs him, because it is anxiously looking to the coming generations for a larger development of

its life, a loftier patriotism, a more splendid and sacrificial service. That, it seems to me, will be the ideal of education in the City of Friends: the symmetrical and complete development of individual talent; the object, character and service.

What is the place finally of the church in the new City of Friends? It will be a place of commanding influence and power. I know that the church must have its forms and its creeds. But the time has fully come when it must translate all its creeds into terms of service. It must not stand for negative virtues, nor for intellectual assent only, even to the most profound truths. It must demonstrate in the life of the city the principles of the great gospel of friendship. It has a tremendous pent-up potentiality of power. It must send out this power in life-giving streams of mercy and helpfulness. If it preaches friendliness as the essence of its gospel, it must be friendly. I do not know when the great evils of the city, its arrogance, its bitterness, its poverty, its misery, its unequal conditions, its cruelty to the weak, its heartlessness toward the heavy-laden, will be overcome, but I know that they will be conquered. The church has no business to doubt it for an instant. If it does, it doubts Jesus and the cross on which he died for the

redemption of the world. The church in the city can never rest until it has exhausted every possible effort to put into actual practice the great gospel of friendship. The church can never rest until it has made the effort with intelligence and fervid zeal to lift every down-trodden and broken-hearted and defeated life up to the highest possible level of the freedom of the sons of God.

There are great reservoirs of sympathy and friendliness in the churches of every city which are impeded by conventions, by sheer dumbness and inability to find expression. I believe that the time will come when this great unused deposit of friendliness will be made available, when the sympathy of the church will make itself definitely felt. I think that the time will come when, without intrusion, every stranger who comes into a city, whatever his rank or social standing, will receive a Christian welcome in the name of the united church of Jesus Christ. I believe that the time will come when the young man and the young woman coming to a city friendless and unknown will be greeted by the outstretched arms of the white figure of the Christ, rather than by the luring smile of the devil of temptation and the flaring enticement of the street; when all the resources of Christian righteousness and Christian love

shall be exerted to protect and to welcome every lonely and homesick child of God who enters the precincts of the city.

The task which I have outlined is not as difficult as it may seem. Humanity has not been living through these Christian centuries quite for nothing. All the forces necessary for the city's redemption are in being. We need only to quicken and stimulate and enlarge the forces already at work. It is a question of efficiency, of awaking the souls of men to the divine opportunity. The only reason why the city of today is not the city of friends is because the marching columns of humanity have halted upon the way. The army has encamped in the valley instead of on the heights. We have seen the goal, but we have not had the courage and the faith to reach it. But others will take up the march, and the victory is sure. The City of Friends is the shining City of God which is set upon a hill and cannot be hid. When men lift up their eyes to heaven to pray, they must see it, and seeing they will long for it, and longing for it, they will one day possess it.

XIII

THE CITY AND THE NATION

For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth. And the Gentiles shall see thy brightness, and all kings thy glory: and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name.—Isaiah 62:1-2.

History tells us that it is now nearly three centuries since the Pilgrim fathers crossed the stormy Atlantic and took possession of a new land. The passage of time is no indication of the marvellous changes which have been wrought on this continent, since the landing at Plymouth. I do not refer simply to the progress in material science which has altered the face of the world, but to revolutionary changes in conditions of life. The American colonies were not, even after the revolution, a nation. The problems which confronted society were not even sectional. They were provincial, parochial, individualistic. The most significant thing which has been accomplished during these centuries is the acquisition of a national

consciousness. It is a sacred and an unspeakably precious possession. A million of men gave their blood that it might be cemented by sacrifice. Under the providence of God the miracle has been accomplished.

The most polyglot people on the face of the earth has become a free nation with a national consciousness keener and stronger than the homogeneous nations of Europe can boast. For good or for ill, with an influence upon the world daily growing stronger and destined to be decisive, we are a nation. Some sparks of sectionalism, some local jealousies, may smoulder still, but we know that North and South, East and West, we are all one, and we must stand or fall together.

We cannot have a national consciousness, we cannot be a homogeneous people without developing at the same time a national character. Every observer knows that the sectional characteristics which once differentiated the New Englander, the Southerner, the Westerner, are disappearing. There is less difference to-day in dialect, in habits of mind, between the people living in the extreme east and west of our great domain, than exists in England between the farmer of Cumberland and the fisherman of Cornwall. The welding together of the people, this nationalizing temper, must inevitably produce a national character.

The key to our national consciousness and to our rapidly developing national character is the city. Civic consciousness and civic character will dominate the nation. The whole nation is fast becoming urban. It is not simply a matter of the marvellous increase of urban population, the indraft of the city, which draws the population from the country to its vortex. The tide, not of numbers merely, but of commanding and preponderating influence, is setting back strongly from the country to the city.

The distinctively rural type is destined practically to disappear. The next generation of farmers will be largely city bred, university trained men, who will work the land scientifically and whose sympathies and ideals will be urban rather than rural. Rapid transportation by trolley and automobile is constantly bringing city and country together.

Mighty economic forces are centralizing the life of the people, fusing and blending them together. The dominant, controlling note is that of the city. Truly, in the phrase of Jesus, the American city is a city "which is set upon a hill which cannot be hid." Its influence is rapidly coming to be decisive in the political, the economic, the social life of the nation. What the city is today, the nation will be tomorrow. The great battle of democracy will

be fought in this arena. The destiny of America will be decided in the city streets, perhaps even the destiny of the world will depend upon the civic commonwealths of America, more potent even, in their influence upon modern life, than the ancient civic republics of Italy upon mediæval life and character.

There are two broad lines along which civic consciousness and civic character should, I believe, develop. In each of these movements the reflex influence upon the nation must be profound and perhaps decisive. These lines of development may at first seem to be opposite and mutually exclusive, but I think that they will both be found to be fundamental and absolutely essential to our civic welfare and progress. I shall call them the development of individual responsibility and the suppression of exclusive individual privilege.

The safety of the city, the safety of the republic depends upon the sense of responsibility which is felt by all good citizens, in government. I know that it sounds like Pharisaism to talk about the "best people" in the community, and I use the term with hesitation. I do not draw any religious or social line. But everybody knows that there is a line between the good and the evil, and there is no reason why it should not be drawn in government as well as in ethics. There is a great evil class in

every community. Those who compose it are not the best people in any sense of the word. There is another class of honest, upright people with consciences and ideals who are trying to live respectably and honestly, who have only the welfare of the community at heart. They are the "best people," and everybody knows it. It is not undemocratic to make such a distinction. These people have not, as a class, concerned themselves greatly in the self-government of our cities. They have been too busy about their own affairs, too diligently concerned in the building up of homes and fortunes, to care very much about the government of the city, so long as it did not immediately touch them. In other words, they have forgotten and neglected the fundamental responsibilities of democracy. The result has been the corruption of our American cities. The government of these cities has been taken over by men with low standards of morality, without conscience, without patriotism, who have exploited the city for their own gain. We have developed in America a type of boss, of ward politician, venial, corrupt, astute, cunning, immoral, and dangerous as a snake in the grass. With fatuous unconcern, with self-satisfied indifference we have turned over the government of many of our cities to this creature.

An English writer long conversant with

American affairs declares: "The problem of New York, in short the problem which confronts now more than ever the whole American people, is how to restore, how to reassume, how to make workable and effective, self-government." There is no possible way in which this can be done except by personal initiative, by the sacrifice of personal inclination, and the giving of personal attention to the problem. The great sin of America today is indifference. It runs through all our communal life; indifference to the church, indifference to government, indifference to the school, indifference to the home. It is a part of that selfishness which is characteristic of our modern life. We do what pleases us, what fills our purse, what gives us individual enjoyment, what employs our talents in the material world, with extraordinary skill and efficiency.

We have failed to develop a sense of individual personal concern and responsibility for any task which does not contribute immediately to our pleasure or to our advantage. We have come to believe that we can buy anything, if we pay the price. We have yet to learn that there are some things which are not for sale in any market place. Honor, justice, righteousness, the service which runs into self-sacrifice, these things cannot be bought and paid for. We have yet to learn that self-gov-

ernment means the giving of self, the sacrifice of self. Government is not automatic and self-perpetuating. It is concerned not with laws and commodities simply, but with life. It is the expression of life. It takes on inevitably the color of life, the character of life. To secure good government requires the expenditure of time and thought and energy. It requires organization. You cannot go away and leave it and attend to your own concerns and your own pleasures exclusively and find it when you come back. The evil forces of the city are always lurking in the background ready to seize it when you turn away, ready to steal it, or even to assault you and take it by force. The price of civic liberty is always eternal vigilance, constant and unremitting labor. If the forces of righteousness and law and order are unwilling to expend the energy necessary, then the city will pass inevitably to the control of those who are always ready to toil and to sacrifice to obtain the prize.

There is no way in which the development of individual initiative can come about except through what amounts to a revival of the sense of personal responsibility. A revival, I mean, in the genuine religious sense. We must repent of our sins of indifference. Our consciences must be awakened. We must learn to perform our civic duties because we are im-

pelled from within by a high sense of honor and patriotism. No machinery which was ever invented can do it for us. All devices of direct primaries and the referendum are absolutely in vain, unless the sense of duty is awake in a man's soul. The unit of political freedom is not the ballot box, but the man whose duty it is to deposit his ballot, and all reforms must begin with him. You must go down to the bed-rock of personality, and upon that foundation the city and the nation will stand or fall.

The first need of the city is the development of individual responsibility. The second need is the suppression of individuality when it finds expression in the demand for exclusive rights. Our civilization has become immensely complicated, and as life grows complicated it becomes increasingly difficult to govern. The ancient civilizations fell of their own weight. Social justice for all classes became impossible, and decay inevitably followed. It is no simple or easy task which the city has set before it in our day. The great problem is to secure equal rights for all under the administration of law and order and a firm government. The most serious matter which concerns the city is the position of industry, the fair adjustment of the relations between the workman and his employer. I do not know, and I do not care to predict, what the outcome of the struggle be-

tween industry and capital will be. One thing I do know, the struggle on both sides must be conducted fairly and honorably and in accordance with the laws of the Commonwealth. If the employer, by superior wealth and cunning has secured privileges which do not belong to him; if, on the other hand, the laborer is denied rights and privileges which should in justice belong to him, the struggle to divest the one of his unjust privileges and to secure for the other his inalienable rights must be conducted in accordance with those methods of procedure which have always obtained among free people. The people, the majority of the people must be persuaded. They must decree by due process of legislation what is just and equitable for all parties concerned. Anything else is anarchy. We may have anarchy if we choose. We may have revolution. We may barricade our streets and fight it out until the stronger beats the weaker into submission and enforces his will, establishes his law, by virtue of his superior strength. We may do that. But we cannot have anarchy and government at the same time. That is the ominous aspect of the situation in our cities. When a body of men raise the standard, "No God, No Master," in the streets of the city, they proclaim anarchy. We in America have always believed in God and we believe also in being subject to the

laws which we ourselves have made. There is no other way to treat a demonstration of this kind except by force. You cannot parley with a madman. We sympathize with the wrongs of all people. It may be that grave injustice is done, but laborer and capitalist must be treated exactly alike by the Commonwealth. There is no occasion for violence in our free American cities. Reform is marching with extraordinary rapidity. It is hard sometimes to be patient, but if workingman and capitalist will be patient, all these matters will be adjusted, not with perfect equity perhaps, but with as near an approach to justice as we ever come in this world. The city is sensitive to social wrong. In every city there are groups of men and women who are in deadly earnest about these things. The conscience of the Church is awake. The Church is today definitely committed to all legitimate social reforms. It is studying the situation in every city with earnest and prayerful attention. The American city along this line is in advance of the age. Its spirit is like that of the fine lines of Euripides:

“Thou hast heard men scorn thy city, call her void
Of counsel, mad; thou hast seen the fire of morn
Flash from her eyes in answer to their scorn.
Come toil on toil, 'tis this that makes her grand,
Peril on peril! Common states that stand

In caution, twilight cities, dimly wise —
Ye know them, for no light is in their eyes,
Go forth, my son, and help! ”

The attitude of the best men and women is one of helpfulness along these lines. The danger is even that social legislation shall move faster than we can adapt ourselves to the change. But we must all, no matter how great our eagerness for reform, set our faces like flint against the spirit of anarchy and violence. It is greatly to the credit of the trades unions that they have, as a rule, taken their splendid stand against violence. Nothing is to be gained by murder and rapine in the streets of our cities. The wanton destruction of property will never move men to acts of justice. The employment of these methods simply delays the steady march of reform.

The lesson which we have to learn in our American cities is this: The city is not for one, but for all. Responsibility and coöperation are the two great principles which must go hand in hand. We must bring out the very best service which the individual has to give and then we must join service to service, for the uplifting of the whole mass, in accordance with the principles of law and order.

We must strive to realize in our American cities the great ideal of the prophet for Jeru-

salem, a social service so high and so noble that it should shine like a lamp in the midst of the dark world until all nations should be illuminated by its brightness. America is today the hope of the world. We are fighting in our cities the battles of humanity. We must not hold our peace, we must not rest, until righteousness is established in our cities, until it goes forth as brightness to all the earth.

XIV

WOMAN AND THE ULTIMATE DEMOCRACY

There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.—Galatians 3:28.

The apostle Paul has been charged with a great deal of bigotry and intolerance quite foreign to his nature. The truth is, he was conservative in details and grandly broad in the great essentials. He had no quarrel with properly constituted authority. He believed in giving "honor to whom honor is due, tribute to whom tribute." He was no brawler, no breaker of images for the sake of creating noise and confusion. He believed in the conventions and the decencies of orderly society. He was a gentleman, not a professional agitator. He did not wish to expose the women of the church of his time to criticisms of immodesty, of unwomanly conduct. Therefore, he commanded that they observe the customs and conventions of the day. In setting forth these details he was not legislating for all women, for all time,

and nothing, probably, would surprise him more than to find that anyone could suppose that such was his intention. In non-essentials he counseled modesty, dignity, courtesy, forbearance, self-respect, obedience. But beyond this region of restraint, he emerges, to lay down, with breadth of vision, with splendor of utterance, with sublime audacity, the principles of the new Christian order, the basis for the ultimate democracy.

We must judge him, then, not alone by his prohibitions, but by the utterance of the text, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." It cannot be said that this is a spiritual relationship of unity and privilege only, because the kingdom of God, in the mind of Jesus, and the mind of Paul, is inclusive. The distinction which is often drawn between things secular and things holy is an artificial distinction. Man is whole and life is whole, and you cannot separate thought and conduct. You cannot say, prayer is holy and labor is profane. Unless we can succeed in making all functions holy, voting as well as praying, then we shall have at best, only a divided kingdom, and an incomplete victory of Christ over the world.

"There is neither male nor female." That is to say, in the reaching out for privilege, for

development, for the realization of the ideal in humanity, there can be no differentiation of class, or race, or sex. In the great field of human progress these distinctions do not apply. There is one goal of development, and in the struggle toward the goal the soul alone is concerned; there is no handicap placed upon woman. She has exactly the same divine right as man. The privilege of the ballot is only a phase, an incident, in this struggle. It is, however, a valuable and an important privilege and there is, in my opinion, absolutely no reason why it should be an exclusively male privilege. What is the ballot? Simply, a more or less efficient means of ascertaining the will of the self-governing units in a democracy. It is the voice of the people; expressing the wish of the people as to the conduct of their own affairs, the business of the community, of the state, of the nation. There is nothing mysterious or supernatural about it. There is absolutely no reason, physiological, psychological, moral, social, why it should be exclusively a function or privilege of the male. The constitution defines as citizens "all persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof." Is any one really prepared to deny in this enlightened age that a woman is a person? If she is a person, then she is a citizen, and if a citizen, clearly entitled to have a voice in the

community in which she is taxed, in which she engages in the pursuits of the social order. A very effective cartoon recently appeared. It shows, in the background, four great beasts of men, evidently ignorant, degraded, utterly incapable of intelligent initiative, or rational judgment upon any public question. In the foreground stands a woman with every mark of intelligence and refinement, the choice product of generations of clean living, and high thinking and noble ideals. Beneath ran the legend, "Shall these vote and not the woman?" The logic is unanswerable. The mere fact of masculinity does not carry with it the power to participate intelligently and efficiently in public affairs. You would not choose for an important private business position a drunken loafer instead of a trained and efficient woman. Why, then, should there be a distinction in public affairs, in civic business? Why should the one be given full rights of natural sovereignty and not the other? If any distinction is to be made, it should be made, not along the wholly illogical and indefensible line of sex, but upon the basis of fitness, intelligence, ability. The affairs of our cities are not so abstruse and complicated that they cannot be readily understood by women. Government has come to be a business problem. Legislation is mainly along the line of social and industrial relation-

ships. These are problems which women have already studied, with which they have already grappled. There is no peculiarity in sex organization which provides special intelligence for the male along these lines. In regard to the moral aspect of public affairs, women are more sensitively organized and better trained than men. Nearly all our political problems, I might almost say all such problems, are at bottom moral questions. Here lies the fallacy of the position of those who say that this matter has nothing to do with morals. Some of the greatest moral questions of the centuries are coming before our democracy for adjustment during the next generation, and I would trust the settlement of these questions with women sooner than with men. The saloon interests have no illusions upon this matter. They see the hand-writing on the wall, and they know that the vote of women spells doom for an institution more accursed than slavery, but which, please God, is to be destroyed by the prayers and the votes of women before many years have run their course. The cause of woman's suffrage is most fortunate in its chiefest foes. To count as its most determined and deadly enemy the saloon, is a distinction which amounts to a coronation.

I believe, then, that there is no reason why women should not be given the vote. I think

that the arguments in favor of full citizenship will shortly become irresistible. If the vote were the only problem connected with sex, the situation would be comparatively clear and easy of solution. I want to turn now to certain other aspects which are less clear, but no less important, which have the most serious moral bearing. First of all, if the franchise is to be a blessing and not a curse to women in this country, they must repudiate, root and branch, the spirit of militancy. The militant movement in England is one of the most lamentable, one of the most serious and menacing phases of modern civilization. That night-mare horror of lawlessness, of arson, of blind, hysterical fury, not only discredits the cause of the full enfranchisement of women, but it threatens civilization itself. It is of no use to say that this is war, and justifiable war, for a great cause. The acts of which women have been guilty in England would not be tolerated for a moment in modern warfare. Only savages wantonly destroy the property of non-combatants. No modern army, even under the greatest of provocation would burn churches and private houses and destroy priceless works of art. This is not war. It is hysteria, mania, animalism. Still more serious than the wanton destruction of property is the logic of the situation, the moral chaos into which it plunges the social

order. The cause, say the militants, is good, therefore any means to bring success are justified. Suppose the prohibitionists and the antivivisectionists and the socialists and the promoters of a hundred good causes should say the same thing, should indulge in unrestrained license and destruction, until their demands should be granted. We should speedily have anarchy and the end of organized government. With the end of government, the franchise would cease to have any meaning or value. The great reforms for which women seek are based upon reason, upon righteousness, upon justice. They will come through toil and patience and sacrifice, not through the destructive temper of the screaming, undisciplined child.

There are more serious aspects of this subject, still. The entirely reasonable demand of women for a share in the government of democracy has led certain radicals into the extreme positions of a distinctive "feminist" movement, as if this were the inevitable and necessary outcome of the struggle for fundamental rights. These extremists do not hold that no differentiation of sex can affect the rights and privileges of women; they hold that there is no differentiation, and that all distinctive occupation is a menace to women. They claim that the home is a woman's worst enemy, that the "mothering" of dolls by little girls is a de-

grading and demoralizing pastime, which should in no case be permitted. One writer says that "the work of the home is essentially humiliating." "Labor in the home steals from woman her individuality, her opportunities for self-expression and self-development; it makes her stupid, limited, harsh, or sentimental; it deprives her of her beauty and her grace, divorces her from her true social function and generally unfits her to become the equal companion whom man could respect." Such contentions as these constitute a serious and a dangerous menace to society. They run counter to all the spirit of progress and achievement of civilization. Improvement comes, not by destroying but by improving the type, not by robbing a flower of its essential characteristics, not by making it less but more of a flower: by increasing its fragrance and its color and the beauty of its contour. The woman is not improved by making her less, but more a woman, by taking those qualities which are lovely and desirable, and increasing their significance and power. As the woman gains in privilege, she should increase in womanliness. There is no reason why she should be unsexed as she advances in knowledge and experience.

Nor is there any reason for attacking the home because certain political rights should be, in justice, accorded to women. Again, you are

not obliged to destroy a rose in order to improve it. The home is a divine institution. The world would be desolate, life would be cheap and poor and futile without it. Drudgery is connected with it, sacrifice is necessary for it. But drudgery and sacrifice are necessary adjuncts of any type of successful life. Women do not escape them, when they go into business and the professions. Drudgery and sacrifice are not necessarily sterile and bitter. Beauty and radiance have always streamed from the crosses of service and nowhere more gloriously than from the cross-bearing of the home. Instead of mocking the home and demanding its abolition, progressive and educated women should be defending and exalting it. They should make of home-keeping the highest of all professions, the most exalted of all callings. The resources of science should be called in, trained intelligence should be enlisted to solve its problems. It seems to me that the domestic science departments of our high schools and colleges should be enlarged in scope and purpose. They should aim not only to teach the technical and theoretical sides of domestic economy, they should exalt home-making as a profession, they should set forth the ideals and the opportunity and the possibilities of the home. They should not pretend that home-making is not difficult, but they should teach it as an art,

the most exacting and comprehensive of arts, but the noblest also and the most rewarding. They should teach that the woman who masters this art is no less worthy of consideration and honor than the woman who succeeds in medicine or law, or who becomes pre-eminent in business or in science. We may be sure of one thing. The home will survive all attacks which are made upon it. It is too precious and valuable to be lost. Women should count it a privilege and a glory, that it must remain always her distinctive field. From it she may go, to exercise all the rights of citizenship, but to it she must return again as to a divine calling.

Again, the feminists of the radical type make a grave mistake in emphasizing and fostering sex antagonism. There are antagonisms and clashings enough in the world without adding any which are wicked and unnecessary. A sex war would be an unthinkable disaster to the race, yet many women are zealously promoting the idea. Nothing is to be gained by antagonism between men and women. The future welfare and progress of each depends upon the cooperation and help of the other. In this field lies the great significance of the profound sentence of Paul. "There is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." This means that there may be differences in detail, differences which charm and not repel, essential

and deep-lying diversities in that profound and unsearchable thing we call personality, but essential harmony of spirit; equal and common rights and privileges in society, a common reaching toward the goal of spiritual perfection and power. I am old-fashioned enough to believe with Tennyson that woman should

“Set herself to man.

Like perfect music unto noble words:

And so these twain upon the skirts of Time
Sit side by side, full summed in all their powers.

Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities.

But like each, even as those who love.

. . . thought in thought

Purpose in purpose, will in will they grow,
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-celled heart, beating with one full stroke,
Life!”

It seems to me that the matter of supreme importance to-day is along these great spiritual lines. The question of the ballot may now be taken almost as a matter of course. It is hardly in the field of argument. It is inevitable. Women will be given this privilege whether they desire it or not. It is in the line of the inescapable evolutionary progress of democracy. Women can afford to wait for it with patience and dignity. The really important

and serious matter is whether women who are in search of civil rights are to be led into by-paths of hysteria and insanity, in regard to the whole question of the place of women in society. We have enough hysterical and unbalanced men in the field of politics now, without adding any women to the number. Women will have the ballot, they will have political power. There is danger that those who have conducted the agitation for these privileges shall come to think that agitation is the chief end of life. They must consider how women may use their influence as a sane, judicial, temperate, constructive force.

Life is the great problem in a democracy, and not simply agitation for this or that. How may life as a whole be built up and conserved and ennobled, in the home, in the school, along the line of industry and trade. How shall we take this old earth, scarred by battle, marred by the hatred and fury of men, and make the tears and the blood bring forth in our age, a harvest of beauty and peace? These are the really great questions. Let me insist again that the great ideals of humanity can never be wrought through hostility and war between men and women. War is never justifiable, except as a basis of reconstruction and growth. We do not need it between the sexes. Their interests are common, their goal is one.

Neither can do without the other. Let them strike hands then, in mutual understanding and faith, each admitting the strength of the other, acknowledging frankly the fundamental differences, glorying in the fundamental likenesses and unity. Let them approach together this great enterprise. Let them build together the ultimate democracy in which there shall be no more war, in which hatred and injustice shall no more find place, which shall be the new Eden, not for man, not for woman, but for each and both. For this task woman is especially endowed. Let her not pervert her divinely given powers, but let her use them generously, nobly, sanely, for law and order and discipline and righteousness. So shall she take her rightful place in the state. So shall she build with man the ideal commonwealth, and the glory and the honor shall be hers.

XV

THE CITY OF VISIONS

And he showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God. Having the glory of God. And her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.—
Revelation 21: 10.

The Bible begins with a great poem of the creation. It traces the broad stream of life back to its far off beginning, its ultimate source in the creative energy of God. Then it gives us those matchless stories of the patriarchs, individuals whose characters loom grandly upon the remote horizons of history. The stream then broadens from the individual to the family, from the family to the tribe, from the tribe to the nation, but it is still a provincial history. It is the story of God's dealing with one nation. Then the stream narrows once more to the individual. The one absorbing theme of the New Testament is the personality of the one man Christ Jesus. In him the soil of human history, watered by blood and tears, brings forth its consummate flower. But we

find that even he is not the final term in the ascending series of human progress. The Bible begins anew at this point. Jesus the supreme personality gives his life that a new cycle of human experience may begin. He is the "new Adam," in Paul's expressive phrase. He dies that the whole human race may have a new life in him. The New Testament relates of course only the beginning, the initial stages of a racial development which has never stayed in its progress from the days of the apostles to our own. The New Testament, the Bible however, ends as it should, in prophecy, with a splendid vision of the culmination of the redemptive processes which were initiated by the life of Jesus. It is a vision of life glorified and transformed but no longer individualistic. The apostle does not show us as the result of the long struggle upward from the brute, a superman, a supreme character, the ultimate product of evolution, a God-like being, endowed with all wisdom and power. He shows us instead a glorified city, a divine and holy society. The redemptive forces of life, set in motion by the sacrifice of Jesus, reach their goal in a new civilization, in the perfect interplay of social forces, in those mutual relationships of human life, which find their highest exemplification in the city. And so the great apostle of love sees a vision of a city, radiant as a jewel, beautiful beyond de-

scription, coming down out of heaven, originating in the mind of God, but descending upon earth, fulfilling in the earth the will of God as it is fulfilled in heaven. What a splendid conception it is! Not just man redeemed, but all that man has wrought into the city redeemed. The whole city for which it stands, refined in the fires of God's love and discipline until it shines like a jasper stone most precious, clear as crystal. Can you think of anything more optimistic and inspiring? We say, the most hopeful and sanguine of us say, "Perhaps sometime, we shall make an impression, through our toil and our faith, by God's grace upon the city. We may in time, or our children's children may sometime be able to make it a little cleaner morally, a little less cruel, a little less dangerous, a little less evil." But the inspired genius of the apostle does not halt in its flight short of perfection. He sees every evil eliminated, every wrong righted, every life transformed. We have no right to think of any lesser consummation. We must say, "We are working for the perfect city, the city of ideals, of visions, of dreams." The goal before us is the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven. And some day the dream will come true. The city of our vision, of the prophet's vision, of God's vision, will come true. It will shine in its radiance like a jewel in the

diadem of the king. It will match in its actual manifestation of beauty and power that great song of a redeemed humanity which brings to a close the great literature which we call the Bible.

How may we realize this inspired vision of the apostle? By more visions of our own: By more prayer: By closer contact with the divine sources of power. I have pointed out before, I wish to emphasize again in the strongest way possible that the great temptation, the great peril of the city is materialism: absorption in the physical side of this present world. The situation at this time is a strange one. There is no conflict today between science and religion, between the material and the physical. We have reached the end of the old dualism, the old idea of two mutually exclusive spheres. Religion has won the battle. The best scientific thought today fully admits the validity of the main contentions of religion. It no longer denies the existence of God. It recognizes the fact that spiritual phenomena have the same scientific standing as physical phenomena. They are facts to be investigated, to be studied and classified, not vagaries and hallucinations to be ignored. But the victory bids fair to be a barren one, because of the supreme indifference of humanity at large. Men accept this conclusion with only the mildest manifestation

of interest. "So science has concluded that there is a God? Well, what of it? I am too busy about my own affairs to care for anything so remote as that." What does the roaring traffic of the street care for God? What do the great factories, belching smoke, the hurrying trains, the ships which come up to the wharves with the salt of the seven seas upon their funnels, what do they care for God? What does the great world of men and women, bent only upon the pursuit of pleasure, care for God? The battle is not won merely because science admits that the great creative energy of the universe is not blind force, but a life-giving spirit. We shall never see the city of God coming down out of heaven until we co-ordinate the two spheres of the spiritual and the material. In the past, the church has been as blameworthy as the world. The church has insisted that the two spheres were entirely at variance. It has called to men to separate themselves wholly from this evil world, to mortify the flesh, to enter within the holy and exclusive circumference of the ecclesiastical sphere. But the city of God is no more to be a cloister exclusively for the retreat of holy men and women, than it is to be exclusively a mart of trade without a heart. There can be no city of God until the two are mingled, until trade is made holy and the man of business is the man

of visions, until the church is made practical and ministers to all the needs of men. I cannot understand why these false distinctions should so long persist when the example of the Master has for so many centuries been so clearly before us. He was the Word made flesh. He was the unimaginable love and glory of God entering and leaving life at its lowliest portals. In his divine life there was never any separation of the two spheres. Jesus began his career in a carpenter's shop. What was the difference, do you think, between his life during those long years of labor, and the life of the ordinary carpenter's apprentice? It was this: The ordinary apprentice says, "I am bound here to a life of ceaseless drudgery, nothing but hard labor and poverty is in store for me. There is no God in the heavens. I will eat and drink and take what pleasure I can in life, for tomorrow I die." But the mind of Jesus, as he did each day's task faithfully and well, was full also of dreams and visions. Ah! what dreams and visions! Sometimes the dim old shop was filled with a celestial radiance and he saw the coasts of the heavenly country shine beyond the thin veil which separates time and eternity. When he went out into the open air, beneath the blue Syrian sky, he saw everywhere in the lilies of the field, the birds of the air, the growing grain, a divine significance which he

applied instantly to the needs of human life. And finally when the consciousness of a redemptive mission dawned fully upon his enraptured soul, he went forth from his carpenter's shop to reveal the glory of the commonplace, to awaken in the souls of men the consciousness of a divine origin and a divine destiny. He touched the water at the marriage feast and it glowed to wine, he touched the eyes of the blind beggar and the glory of the sunlight broke in upon the darkened soul. He spoke to the common woman of Samaria and revealed to her one of the most profound spiritual truths which ever fell from the lips of a teacher. He took the men of Galilee, toilers at the oar, business men, tax collectors, and made them apostles and priests of a new spiritual kingdom. And at last how did he reveal the supreme heights of his redemptive love for men? Not by a burst of heavenly splendor, not by some radiant transfiguration. He took the wood of the malefactors' cross, and by the power of his spirit he fashioned it into the splendid symbol of a redeemed race.

Jesus thus constantly mingled the two spheres of the material and the spiritual into one sphere of a holy and redeemed experience of life. And we must do the same. It is the supreme task of Christianity. Not to take men out of the world. Not to deny the physical

life, but to irradiate and transform it. We are to teach the men of the city that they are to look for no sudden and miraculous transformation of the city from misery and sordidness and squalor into the splendor of the streets of gold and the gates of pearl. We are to teach men that they must work out its redemption through the energy of their redeemed lives.

“Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars,
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay shuttered doors.

“The angels keep their ancient places,
Turn but a stone, and start a wing,
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many splendored thing!

“But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry; — and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched between heaven and Charing Cross.

“Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hands:
And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Genesareth, but Thames!”

Some day the poet will come with a keener sense of the beauty of the common-place than Wordsworth, with broader sympathy than Balzac, with a more profound understanding of life

than Shakespeare, and he will reveal to the full the splendor beneath the city's grime, the divine possibilities which beat within the city's heart.

The redemption of the city must come from the impulsive power of the spirit energizing in all the activities of life. It is exactly like the power of the sun. In the spring-time, the sun makes every seed which has the germinating principle within it awaken to life and beauty. It is absolutely impartial in its service. It calls with its compelling voice to the seed of the smallest flower and the seed of the mightiest tree. But once above ground the sun does not dictate how each seed shall grow. Every seed develops its own type of excellence, of beauty, of usefulness. This is the way in which the power of the spirit must interpenetrate the sphere of the material. It does not dictate to men or to institutions, but it must be the impelling power behind them all. As Paul expresses it, "There are diversities of gifts but the same spirit, and there are diversities of administration but the same Lord, and there are diversities of operation but the same God worketh in all and through all." These words might be applied, must be applied to the problem of the modern city. The divine Spirit must be the guiding principle in all the manifold and divine operations of the city's life.

The church does not go to men of business

and say, "I can conduct your business better and more profitably than you can yourself. Listen to my dictation." The church goes to the business man and says, "You must recognize God in your affairs. You are not living wholly for yourself. You are not making money for yourself alone. You are a steward of God. You cannot leave God and the spirit out of the reckoning, for you are in the grasp of forces mightier than your own personality, clever and strong as that may be. You may amass wealth greater than the resources of empires, you may build the Babel tower of your business as high as the stars, but in the hour of darkness a voice will speak, calm, stern, dispassionate, 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.' You must not conduct your business without the heavenly vision. You must conduct it righteously, in accordance with God's great laws and with consideration for your brother-men."

That is the meaning, I believe, of certain movements in our largest business interests to-day. Men are beginning to recognize this truth. The heads of great business houses are enunciating the principle of their own accord. They are beginning to realize that there must be spiritual vision as well as business insight in the conduct of affairs. The time will come when every man will respect the rights of every

other in the city, and that will mean that every evil business will be given up, because all evil reacts upon the social order; and no man can be permitted to corrupt the people of the community for his private gain. Today we say to a man, "My friend, your business is evil. It takes your neighbor's child and stunts him, deprives him of education and development; or, it takes your neighbor's child and makes a beast of him, deprives him of reason, and destroys the fair promise of a life useful to the community. His proud mother's heart is breaking and his father's hoary head is bowed with shame." He replies, "Well, what of it? My business is my own. My neighbor must take care of his own children. I deny the responsibility." And the city allows him to continue in his business. Now this is simple lack of vision on the part of the city. The city of the future will accept no such excuse. It will not permit the rising generation to be defiled and weakened on the plea of business expediency. All private actions will be determined by public necessity based upon the principle of love, the spiritual vision.

The church will go in the same spirit to that great institution of the city, the school. It has no desire whatever to interfere in its management. It must say, however, that the community is assuming in the conduct of this in-

stitution not a civic function alone, but a spiritual responsibility. To stand in the place of the parent and the home in the life of the growing child, to direct its development, this is a holy occupation. It must not be undertaken then lightly, but soberly, and reverently and with a full appreciation of the spiritual nature of the task. There are those who deplore the tendency to special and elaborate technical and commercial training in our schools. There will be no danger if you do not separate the spiritual and the practical spheres, if you make your training inspirational at the same time it is technical. You must give the boys and girls who are working with facts and figures the dream-stuff of the poets and the prophets also. You must teach them to see visions in the workshop and the office. The function of the school, whether it is fitting for the professions or for the trades, is not utilitarian merely. Its object must be to train the child's imagination as well as his intellectual faculties, to teach him to see visions as well as to do sums in mathematics, to fit him for citizenship in the heavenly city, the new Jerusalem. To that end the teachers of our schools should consider themselves called of God to their high office.

The church must go to men in the realm of politics, not to interfere in the functions of government. Why do we hear so often the

phrase "the church must not meddle with politics"? Are politics so holy, or so corrupt, that they do not come within the vision of the church? The church has no wish to "meddle" with politics, but it has the God-given prophetic right to demand that all government shall be conducted righteously and with spiritual vision. It has the prophet's inalienable right to denounce misgovernment and corruption in the city. If there is any material function which is holy, it is that which concerns the government of a great city, the interests of all the people. The church must say to those who are chosen by the people, "Yours is a sacred trust and we shall hold you strictly to the just and honorable performance of it." I believe that the time will come when the highest type of American manhood, yes, and American womanhood, will count it an honor and a privilege to serve the city in accordance with the loftiest ideals of righteousness and love.

In the new city of visions men will take time to live; earnestly and rationally and righteously. They will take time to acquaint themselves with the treasures of history and literature and art. They will take time to think, to pray and to worship God decently and in order. What is all this haste of the modern world about? The nobler race of the future will look back with amazement and disgust upon a period

in which the world was so feverishly busy, so absorbed in a headlong pursuit of money and pleasure that it had no time for good manners, to say nothing of the interests of the soul and the worship of Almighty God. We must give up this insane worship of the material or we die. We must have the heavenly vision or we perish utterly. Human experience is worth something. On the pages of history, the Spirit has written large:

“They reckon ill who leave me out.”

What is the real strength of the great Christian nations today? Is it in their armaments? That is their fatal weakness. Is it their worldwide commerce, is it the long list of kings and emperors who are forgotten dust? No. It is the interpenetration of the lives of the people by the Spirit. It is in their memory of those great souls whose lives have been the flowering of the Spirit. Luther, Wickliffe, Cromwell, Milton, Goethe, Shakespeare. It is in the influence of the thousands of unsung lives of obscure preachers and teachers who in schools and parish churches have kept alive the flame of faith in the hearts of the people.

The city of visions will come. God through his poets and dreamers never prophesies in vain. The difficulties which seem insuperable will yield to the faith and the valor of God's chosen peo-

ple. Shining like a jewel, costly and beautiful beyond compare, its towers and battlements will stand against the sunrise of the future. The city of peace and holiness and love, of beauty and honor and faith, of visions and dreams. The city in which no one shall be afraid, in which all shall have an equal opportunity, in which innocence and helplessness shall be a sacred trust, and the weakest shall be watched over with the tenderest care. In which

“No one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame.”

In which the burdens of each shall be shared by all. In which God shall be worshipped in Spirit and in truth, and Jesus shall be crowned Lord of all.

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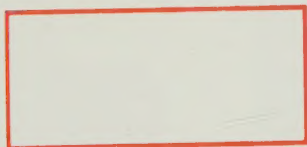
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